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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK 63

LEADING ARTICLES :—

The Conditions of Irish Peace... 73

Industry as a Public Service ... 78

X-Rays and the Cancer Cure ... 75

The Literary Reaction 78

'Pour Avoir Adrienne' 77

Making New Friends 77

The Beech Wood 78

Negro Spirituals 79

Two Americans (Illustrated) ... 80-3

VERSE :—

The Idea 84

CORRESPONDENCE :—

The Mesopotamian Burden ... 84

Germany "Irredenta" 85

Stagnatics 86

The Liquor Control Board ... 87

REVIEWS :—

Irish Poetry 87

Byron and his Sister 88

Athanasia contra Mundum ... 89

Atmosphere 90

Our Library Table 90

Books of the Week 91

FINANCE :—

The City 93

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—The Editor will be glad to consider every contribution submitted to him, but cannot undertake to return rejected communications unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE re-entry of the United States into the affairs of the world is an event that derives an added significance from its manner, timeliness and purpose. In the first speech he delivered on British soil as American Ambassador Mr. Harvey drew a picture of President Harding every word of which is now being fulfilled. He announced the Chief Executive's desire that Great Britain and the United States should "instinctively approach all world problems from the same angle as of common and inseparable concern." He spoke of the American Government's "disposition and alacrity to make good its pledge of hearty co-operation, in all ways not inconsistent with its own recognised policies, tending to re-establish peace and prosperity throughout the world." "Our President," his Excellency added, "is a prudent man by nature, and rightly heedful of the fundamental law which he is sworn to observe; but when once, having seen his way clear, he puts his hand to the plough, you may safely take my word that he is not one to turn back. And he has put his hand to the plough. 'We must,' he declared with characteristic positiveness to the Congress last month, 'we must play our full part'—our full part, mind you—'in joining the peoples of the world in the pursuit of peace.'"

The British world has had such a surfeit during the past few years of words without deeds, of high purposes leading nowhere, that it could not but receive these declarations with a certain scepticism.

It preferred at any rate to wait and see what followed them. Much has followed them. Last Monday's papers contained a statement of the President's intention to invite Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan to a conference for the discussion of the question of disarmament and to a further conference, in which China will take part, on the problems of the Pacific and the Far East. Needless to say that the response of the British Government and of the Dominion Premiers who are now in London was hearty and immediate. The President has done more than recover for his country that prestige and initiative in world-politics which his predecessor frittered away. He has also struck the first real note of leadership and encouragement that has been heard since the early idealism of the victorious Allies was torn to shreds in the cockpit of Versailles. It is a great thing to have America once more a working member of the family of nations. It is a greater thing to find her no longer pursuing fantastic aims by impracticable means but bending her ardour and her imagination and her courage to the task of working out an effective solution of a tangible and urgent problem. The task itself is heavy enough. Long preparation and a better spirit than was ever manifest among the negotiators at Paris must go to its successful achievement. We shall see whether the nations can learn anything by experience or whether Washington is destined to reproduce the rapacious littlenesses that deformed the proceedings at Versailles. Perhaps the very badness of the Versailles Peace is the best guarantee that the Washington Conferences will be genuinely productive.

Meanwhile the *Times* has hotly, and not very helpfully, attacked the suggestion that Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon should represent Great Britain at the Washington negotiations. There are some obvious objections to the prolonged absence of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary from their posts at Whitehall. But there are also some compensations. A great many people would be prepared to give Mr. Lloyd George an almost indefinite holiday from public cares. Not only would they welcome his withdrawal as affording the nation some prospect of a rest, but they would hope that the breathing space might be utilised to restore to this country some semblance of Cabinet Government. It is not, however, on these grounds that the *Times* assails his choice of himself as the head of the British Mission nor yet on the inconvenience, fully established at Versailles, of a Conference each member of which is a principal rather than an agent or delegate. The complaint of the *Times* is that of all statesmen in Europe Mr. Lloyd George is the most distrusted and that "it is notorious that no Government and no statesman who has had dealings with him puts the smallest confidence in him." What it regards as the great qualification for a representative of the Empire is "a character for conspicuous straightforwardness and honour"; and to such a character as this it believes that Mr. Lansing's and Mr. Keynes's books and the Bullitt episode have effectually destroyed the Prime Minister's claims in America's eyes.

We do not agree. But even if Mr. Lloyd George's reputation in Europe and the United States were as sinister as the *Times* makes out, there would still be some counter-considerations to be urged on behalf of his assisting in person at the Washington Conference. After all, he is the foremost man in Great Britain or the Empire; and the opinion which holds that his services during the war were such as to earn for him (if he wanted it) a perpetuity of power and the lasting gratitude of all the Allied peoples is at bottom a sound opinion. Americans are very far from having formed the grudging critical estimate of his character that the *Times* imputes to them. On the contrary, of all British statesmen he is the one in whom they are most interested and whom they would be most anxious to welcome. They have not forgotten that in the war which they really came to believe was a war for the salvation of democracy, Mr. Lloyd George, more than any man in Europe, seemed to sum up in himself and his career the soul and possibilities of democracy. They regard him, and have long regarded him, as the most fully rounded representative of the democratic principle that either Great Britain or the United States has produced in the past fifty years. They feel the attractiveness of his personality, they are sensible of a closer communion with him than with any other British leader, they are ready to be fired by his eloquence and his vision. Mr. Lloyd George at the Conference table no doubt at times shows to excess the defects of his qualities. But in all other capacities, and especially as an interpreter between the two peoples, his presence at the head of the British delegation seems to us not merely desirable but indispensable. Without him it would lose most of its interest in American eyes and nearly all its power of attracting popular sympathy.

As for Lord Curzon and what the *Times* calls his "pompous and pretentious manner" and "haughty bearing," our judgment is equally with the statesman and against the newspaper. As a younger, a much younger, man Lord Curzon had his foibles and peculiarities that undoubtedly used to ruffle the House of Commons. Oxford and the Oxford manner hung heavily upon him; and the sport of "taking Curzon down a peg" became the chief delight of more than one member—of Mr. Labouchere in particular. But the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, ex-Etonian, Fellow of All Souls, winner of the Arnold prize with a portentous volume on Diocletian, ex-President of the Oxford Union; the indefatigable traveller, the man who knew Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, the Pamirs, Siam, Indo-China, and Japan as intimately (apparently) as most of us know our bedrooms; the man who had discovered Korea, and soared in a basket up to and into the monastery of Mount Athos; who numbered among his treasures personal gifts from the Amir of Afghanistan, the Abbot of Meteora, Li Hung Chang, the Mikado, and statesmen and diplomatists beyond number; who wrote of all he saw and recollecting and imagined and suspected with inexhaustible dogmatism; who read Blue-books while other men read novels, and burrowed in statistics while his frivolous contemporaries shot pheasants; who could overwhelm you on any matter of foreign politics with pailfuls of local colour and atlases of outlandish names, among which he moved with almost insolent familiarity; and who, finally, had learned the business of statesmanship at Lord Salisbury's knee—it took, as Mr. Curzon quickly let it be known and as the House behind its smiles could not help recognising, a good deal to "down" such a paragon.

But those early days of chirpy omniscience have long since been left behind; and the Lord Curzon to-day has outgrown the reputation for "superiority" fastened upon him by the immortal Balliol tag. Time, friction, and responsibility have immensely mellowed and matured him. He went out to India a prodigy; he came back a statesman. He roused against himself a vast array of antagonisms, most of which were of the kind that did him honour and could not have been avoided without a sacrifice of duty. Perhaps he carried the Parliamentary rapier in his hand a little too often, and wielded it too aptly, for the liking of bureaucracy. Perhaps the Bengalis whom he lectured on their untruthfulness, and the British regiment which he publicly disgraced because it failed to discover and punish the private who had murdered a native, and the feudatory princes whom he admonished somewhat in the tone of a reproving schoolmaster, and the veteran civil servants whom he browbeat, overruled, and out-argued, had a certain human justice in their grievances against him.

But his was a great Viceroyalty, the greatest perhaps that ever came out of the old school of statesmanship which set efficiency above sympathy as the goal and test of the British Raj. In the past fifteen years or so Lord Curzon has accumulated many experiences and some experi-

ence, and has served his country, especially during the war, with a zeal and ability that have never yet been sufficiently acknowledged. His command of the grand manner and his trenchancy in dialectics have not left him, but nowadays they are subdued to gentler uses, and he allows his charm, which is very real, a freer play than formerly. Were he to go to Washington, America would quickly recognise in him the most distinctively British type of statesman she has yet had an opportunity of meeting. Admiration and acclaim, not untouched with wonder, would attend his progress; the impression of power, dignity, culture, and character he would leave behind him would be such as no Briton would have any cause to apologise for. His very unlikeness to the social and political products of the American "atmosphere" and environment, together with the Prime Minister's instinctive identification with them, would form both a contrast and a combination of unique potency.

One of the most interesting things about the meetings of the Premiers of the Dominions this year, is that little mention, if any, has been made of an idea that a few years ago was quite seriously regarded as the solution of one of the problems of Empire. This idea was that the representative principle could in some way be invoked to shape a Pan-Britannic Senate or Parliament of the Empire. The Premiers have very wisely preferred to spend their time in discussing Imperial communications and common issues of foreign policy. The truth is that from the moment, now nearly a decade ago, when the danger had practically passed of the five self-governing Dominions developing five different sets of foreign interests, safeguarded and extended by five different policies, and enforced by five different navies, there has been no call for legislation of a "heroic" kind in the supposed interests of the Empire. The last public speech which the last and greatest of Unionist statesmen delivered, was a solemn and comprehensive warning against all legislation of this type; and an Imperial Conference could hardly do better than open its sessions by reading and re-reading the late Lord Salisbury's plea for letting the Empire alone as much as possible, for approaching it legislatively only in a spirit of the most wholesome diffidence, for never altering things simply to please our sense of what ought to be in a perfectly symmetrical world, and for never attempting to tighten the bonds of Empire without thinking of the inevitable recoil.

There is and can be no royal road to the goal of Imperial consolidation. Only by following simultaneously a number of converging pathways shall we ever reach it. Possibly as time goes on some better means may be found of keeping the various parts of the Empire more in touch with one another than an occasional Conference, sitting for three or four weeks, and grappling with a host of stupendous problems that are brought before it with a necessarily inadequate preparation. There are, however, many other roads to a more effective union besides this one of machinery. Commercial legislation, for instance, patents, trade marks, copyright, naturalisation, the appointment and activi-

ties of consuls, post and cable services and communications, shipping dues and routes, the currency, weights and measures, and emigration are all of them matters susceptible to a more or less uniform treatment. Defence, again, is still an essential stepping-stone to a closer co-operation. Besides all this, there are two other ways in which the sentiment and the practice of Imperial unity might be encouraged without being unduly forced. Cecil Rhodes grasped the importance of making England the educational centre of the Empire, and the idea behind his famous bequest has not yet, by any means, been worked out to its fullest capacity. And no one as yet has tackled the problem of making the administrative services of the Empire really Imperial, and of enabling the men of Great and of Greater Britain to work side by side in the Government of India, Egypt, the Crown Colonies, and other Dependencies.

As a business man of the first rank, Sir Alfred Mond's sensations on discovering the magnitude of the housing muddle he had inherited from his predecessor were probably greater than he cared to avow to the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon. Had he been appointed to the Ministry of Health on its formation, many millions would have been saved to the country. Not the least of the economies he has been the means of effecting is Dr. Addison's retirement from official life. There was once a building industry in Great Britain that got along very well without the help of subsidies; there was once a railway industry that could show a balance on the right side; there was once a mining industry in anything but a pauper's state. In all three cases the change from enterprise and solvency to stagnation and virtual bankruptcy has been the result of Government interference and control. A little more and we might have reached the Socialist Paradise in which every industry would have been run at a loss and nobody would have made a profit out of anything.

The death of Mr. Harry G. Hawker has deprived the country of yet another pioneer of flight. His name is chiefly associated in the public mind with his plucky attempt to fly the Atlantic and the romantic manner of his re-appearance, after he had been given up for lost. Everyone will remember the scenes of enthusiasm that marked his return, and if the occasion was somewhat overdone by a certain section of the press, that in no way reflects upon Mr. Hawker nor lessens the high-heartedness of his endeavour, for he was one of the most unassuming—even shy—men we ever knew, with what amounted to a passion for the air. It seems that the air will always contrive to take its revenge upon its presumptuous conquerors, if they persist long enough. But we cannot help reflecting that this fatality was unnecessary. Mr. Hawker was practising on a machine with clipped wings for the Aerial Derby to be held to-day; but these and similar events involve needless dangers in the scramble for victory, and since they contribute nothing to the cause of aeronautics, should be discontinued until aviation—which for all its strides is still only in its infancy—has attained a more constant level of trustworthiness.

THE CONDITIONS OF IRISH PEACE

ON a world fast losing the hope, and with it the power, of recovery there have been suddenly flashed two gleams of better and saner things. Each for the present is no more than a gleam, a flickering prospect. Whether either can develop into the steady and steady beacon that will guide the nations through the darkness of their present paths it rests with statesmanship to determine; and the recent record of statesmanship, at Versailles and elsewhere, is not of the kind to stimulate a facile optimism. None the less, President Harding's summons to a conference of the Powers on the problems of the Pacific and on the ways and means of disarmament, and the almost simultaneous move towards an Irish peace, are developments which, though tentative, are yet of heartening augury. They are the first rays of encouragement that the British Empire or Europe or humanity has known since the Armistice.

It may at first sight seem to argue a weakened sense of proportion that we should bracket the Irish negotiations in the same category of importance with the world-wide project which the President of the United States has initiated. But the truth is that the reactions of the Irish question spread far beyond the province of domestic British politics, and that the inter-relation between what is happening in London to-day and what may be happening in Washington a few months hence cannot be other than close and real. Put the Irish problem on the road to settlement, and by so much you facilitate Anglo-American co-operation on all problems. Make it easy for Great Britain and the United States to acquire, or to renew, the habit of working together, and to that extent you smooth the path to an Irish peace. Each problem, according as it is handled, can assist or impede the working out of the other. Between them there are points of contact which offer possibilities of collision, as well as occasions for mutual support. It will be a lamentable error in political perspective to think of either as a self-contained and unrelated adventure.

Clearly we are reaching a crucial moment in Anglo-Irish history, and one that must be seized in a spirit of practicality purged of bitterness, if another chapter, and a supremely tragic one, is not to be added to the tale of opportunities palpably offered and as blindly thrown away. It has not been often in the relations of these two islands and of these two peoples that one can lay one's finger on a crisis or a development and say, "Here, or here, was the grand, the decisive, mistake that altered everything." But such a moment beyond all possible doubt is upon us now. Statesmanship is given one more chance to show that Ireland and British rule in Ireland are not the sport of "Zeus and Fate and the Fury that walketh in darkness," and that human agencies and insight and volition, if only they will exert themselves, are still at the helm.

There was a not dissimilar chance at the opening of the war; there was another immediately after the Easter rising; there was a third when the Convention met. Each time it was allowed to slip through hands too rigid or too negligent to grasp it; and the sanguinary tragedy stormed on from horror to horror with the seeming inevitableness of an Attic

drama. Now at long last there is a pause of exhaustion and revulsion, an irrepressible cry for peace; and out of the shame and the madness and the terror of the past few years reason and good-will make what for our time may prove their final appeal to all that is best in the British and Irish peoples. Should this appeal fail, as it must not and shall not fail, the worst in the Anglo-Irish past may soon be outdone by the blackness and despair of the very near future.

What are the conditions of an Irish peace and the concessions on all three sides—the British, Sinn Fein, and Ulster—that can alone make peace possible? They are not difficult to enumerate, for the Irish ailment in its essence is both old and simple. It is the reaction of a quick-witted people with a lively sense of nationality against a form of government imposed upon them from without and unsympathetic to the special bias of their interests and instincts. And the broad remedy is equally old and equally simple; we have applied it ourselves again and again, and always with the happiest results, everywhere throughout the English-speaking portions of the Empire except in Ireland; we have made it, indeed, the very keystone of our Imperial policy. It is to uproot the alien government now thrust upon the Irish people and to give them instead a government of their own choosing.

If we hold fast to that central principle, we cannot go far wrong. At the root of all Irish ills lies the denial of self-government. And directly as a consequence of this denial, Ireland has never been to us anything but a source of weakness and turmoil; at every difficult hour of our history her people have been against us; and all over the world whenever men talk of the British "governing capacity," of the healing benefits of the Pax Britannica, and of Great Britain's sacrifices in the cause of liberty and the smaller nations, someone is sure to interject, unanswerably, "Ireland." It is not easy to carry out the Royal injunction and "forget and forgive" Ireland's part in the late war and the hideous orgy of assassination that has followed it. But it will be precisely the proof of our "genius for politics" if we see in the melancholy record of the past few years the fruits of our own failure to extend to Ireland that system of government which everywhere else, among the scattered and diversified millions who live under the British flag, has made for confidence, harmony, and a sense of co-operative kinship.

Our immediate duty, therefore, is to return to first principles, and to ask ourselves why we should continue to withhold from Ireland the freedom which in all other parts of the Empire has fostered concord and loyalty, and why, in Ireland but nowhere else, we should take our cue from one-fifth of the people and allow them to dictate our policy towards the remaining four-fifths. Were we thus to submit ourselves to a catechism on the fundamentals of British rule in Ireland, were we to try and assess the mocking discredit which our proceedings in that country have earned for us abroad, the doubts and bewilderment they have occasioned in the self-governing Dominions, the well-nigh insuperable obstacle they have raised to an effective understanding with the United States, and the legacy of bitter ill-will we are accumulating at our doors and wherever Irishmen have made a home—were we to enter on this course of honest self-examination, we should quickly discover reasons enough for reversing the whole spirit of our Irish policy and bringing it into line with the quite oppo-

site principles to which the rest of the Empire owes all its strength and unity.

We can of course, if we like, continue our present policy, meeting murder and arson and rebellion with reprisals and internments until Southern Ireland is reduced to a blood-soaked desolation, and all the functions and securities of a normal civilised existence have lapsed or been destroyed. We are nearing that point already, and undoubtedly we can reach it if we persevere. The balance of power in our hands is so overwhelming that, if we make up our minds to it, we can plan and carry out a model campaign of reconquest, erase whatever cities or villages we please, multiply the shootings and executions and imprisonments a hundred-fold, and give, in short, a highly finished example of "resolute" rule. But at the end of it, having laid waste most of Ireland and stirred up such a storm of hatred and contempt against us as would shake every corner of the Empire, we should be no nearer an Irish settlement than we were at the beginning. The country, in our judgment, wishes to call a halt before it is plunged into any such criminal insanity. It is prepared to offer Ireland as large a measure of self-government as any of the Dominions enjoy, with such modifications as the geographical position of the two islands dictates; and what it asks of its rulers is that they should approach this question in that spirit of spacious statesmanship which fifteen years ago saved the Empire by conferring autonomy on South Africa.

What is needed is a firm offer of the Dominion status of nationhood, with full fiscal and financial freedom, and with the Army and Navy left under a single Imperial control. That on the British side is a prerequisite of any lasting Treaty of Peace between the two countries. Obviously it can only become effective if the Sinn Feiners abandon the idea of an independent Republic and accept it as an unalterable condition that Ireland must remain within the Empire. They will unquestionably yield on both points, if they can be assured that "a single Parliament for a united Ireland," to quote the Prime Minister's formula, is one of the certainties of the future. There are three essentials of a durable Irish settlement. The first is that it should carry with it a recognition of Irish nationality; the second is that it should preserve and embody the unity of Ireland; the third is that it should leave the Irish people with a system of government of their own design. Not one of these essentials is recognised in the Act of 1920. It ignores Irish nationality; it denies Irish unity; it sets up a form of administration so repugnant to four-fifths of the Irish people that neither now nor at any time will they even attempt to work it.

Seven years of allowing Ulster to settle for us the lines on which our Irish policy is to proceed have resulted, then, in this—the repeal of the Act of 1914 which, with all its inadequacies, did at least set up an Irish Parliament for the whole of Ireland and recognise the principle of fiscal differentiation between Ireland and Great Britain; the establishment of a truncated form of Home Rule in the North-East corner of Ireland under a scheme of partition carefully calculated to exacerbate all Nationalist sentiment; four-fifths of Ireland more deeply alienated from the British

Government and more openly and violently in rebellion against it than at any time since '98; and nothing in sight but an intensification of all the elements of anarchy and a murderous terrorism, unless the present truce is utilised to effect a totally new departure.

The policy of permitting the representatives of one-fifth of Ireland to determine at the expense of Great Britain what the remaining four-fifths of Ireland shall receive, or shall not receive, in the way of self-government, has proved a ruinous folly and failure. There is not, nor can there ever be, any question of "coercing" Ulster. The real question is how long Ulster is to be encouraged to coerce Great Britain into refusing to the rest of Ireland a form of government that will enlist the sympathies and co-operation of the great majority of the Irish people. Under a Dominion scheme of government Ulster in relation to Ireland would stand in very much the same position as Quebec in relation to Canada. Every guarantee that a homogeneous minority could properly demand for the full security of its special interests could readily be conceded to her, together with far ampler powers of local administration than she wields under the present Act. Renouncing nothing that is essential for her protection, Ulster would gain immeasurably by throwing in her lot with the rest of Ireland and contributing to the solution of Irish problems the invaluable qualities of industrial experience and leadership.

We hold, however, that Irishmen alone can settle the details of the relationship between Ulster and the All-Ireland Parliament of the future; and that the right course for the British Government to follow is to summon an Irish Convention elected on the basis of proportional representation and with terms of reference that would exclude no solution of the Constitutional problem compatible with the two essentials of the maintenance of the Monarchy and the naval and military security of the United Kingdom. Westminster will never settle the Irish question. Only Irishmen of all parties and classes, meeting face to face in an *ad hoc* Constitutional Convention, and barricaded against the temptation to play to the gallery, can hammer out a suitable framework of government. For the Imperial Parliament there would be reserved the function of ratifying, and giving legislative effect to, the results of their deliberations. Otherwise there would be no British interference, and consequently no injection of party politics, in a task that would have been recognised beforehand as primarily an Irish concern. The adoption of any such plan asks, however, certain preliminary conditions which at present are not very visible, though we do not believe them to be non-existent. It asks from the British people the courage to trust those principles of freedom which have never yet led them astray, to look the disastrous facts of their failure in Ireland fairly in the face, and to weigh the still more disastrous consequences that must ensue, unless a policy, vitiated from its very inception, is abandoned. It asks from Mr. Lloyd George the courage to recapture the faith and vision and that touch of imaginative sympathy which used to be his more than any man's. It asks, finally, from Ulstermen and Sinn Feiners alike the courage to be moderate, the courage of renunciation.

INDUSTRY AS PUBLIC SERVICE.

[A LABOUR VIEW.]

INDUSTRY is the system by which we get our boots and bread. We are the public; and if we get any boots or bread, we are served. Thus industry must be a public service. And yet if that were asserted as obvious truth, it would be thought to be a play upon words; for public service, in the ordinary sense, means employment by the organised community, and the organised community is normally identified with the State. To the minds of most men, public servants are government servants, but these do not ordinarily produce and distribute boots and bread; and, therefore industrial production and distribution are not thought to be public service.

The world of industry is dominated by the idea of private gain; for both the manual worker and the employer aim consciously at a livelihood or wealth for themselves, and not, in the main, at the service of the public. But this is different from the aim of soldiers or governors; for even if they too desire wealth, their mind is not dominated by that desire, and they can be persuaded to regard it as subordinate in importance to their service of the public. Worse still is the attitude of the general public in regard to industry; for most men accept it as inevitable, or even as desirable, that those engaged in industry, whether as workers or employers, should look first to their own gain. The general public expects the soldier to serve for the sake of others, and yet it expects the industrialist to serve chiefly himself.

The whole atmosphere of the industrial world is, therefore, vitiated, not only by the selfishness of the servants, but also by the false assumptions of those who are served. Thus, while the needs of the public seem to show that the supply of boots and bread is public service, the customs and beliefs of those who supply these needs imply that the service is for the sake of the servants. How can it be otherwise? The workers in the cotton mills and the boot factories do not see or even think of those who wear the goods they make. If the boots are bad, the worker does not suffer; if the boots are good, he does not gain. He is a servant, indeed; in some ways a slave, having no choice of his task; but he cannot feel himself to be a servant of the public which needs his goods, for it does not employ or dismiss him. He serves an employer who does not use the goods he makes except for sale. He is, indeed, told, when he objects to the term of his service—its meagre results and its insecurity, that he is a co-partner in the supply of public needs; and the employer at times asserts that the interests of the worker are the same as his—that they should co-operate and not dispute. But this means generally co-operation in sale, and not in service, for this gospel of alliance of employer and employed is little more than the doctrine that, if both agree, each can share the "swag." Thus among the workers to-day the sense of public service in the work they do is very small and perhaps non-existent; but this is due largely to the system of subordination to their employers under which the work is done. Service of the employer, whether good or bad, obscures the possible service of the public at large in the production of boots and bread.

The fundamental problem in industry as a ser-

vice is the position of the employer, not that of the worker. It is the employer who is the obstacle to industry being a public service. It is he and not the workers who stands between the needs of the public and the supply of those needs; for the employer, who organises the supply, or whose representatives thus organise, stands not for the public need, but for the control of the means of supply. Nevertheless the employer also serves the public, either by organising supplies, or by providing capital. Organisation of manufacture and distribution is obviously a public service, for which the public can afford to pay well.

There is no denying that the accumulation and organisation of capital are the supplying of a public need; for capital of some kind, plant, machinery, resources—this is certainly needed under the existing system of manufacture, and we are not here concerned with a fundamental *boulevagement* of the whole world. But the position of those servants of the public who are the owners of capital is now such that they can exact tribute for their service at their own will, and without regard to the interests of the public at large. Again, shareholding involves no public responsibility in the least commensurate with its power. Company law protects the shareholders against directors and company promoters. It enforces the responsibilities of the shareholders' agents, but not of the shareholders. The law, indeed, in most countries seems to have been designed by those who had no sense at all of industry as a public service; for they were dominated by the idea that the use of capital in industry was for the sake of returns to the owner.

The worker therefore feels that his service is the making of profits, not of goods; and even if he could share these profits, he would simply join the group of irresponsible owners. There would be still no security for the general public, in law or administration, that those who use capital in industry should be responsible to the community for its use. It may be said that the profits are in fact payment of services rendered. So they are; and so was the tribute levied by the mediaeval baron on the ground that he kept order: the point is that the owner of capital fixes the rate of his reward, and that there is no provision in law against the possible extent of his power.

Some who see that industry is not dominated by the conception of public service would make it a public service similar to the army, navy, or political administration. This is what some mean by "nationalisation," and it would involve placing the control of an industrial service in the hands of Government officials. But this solution of the difficulty is not the best, nor is it the only one possible. It is quite possible, for example, to make the conception of public service dominate an industry without making it into a State service. A man may serve the public and be dominated by his will to serve, without being a Government official or a soldier; for presumably scholars and clergymen, even if they make a living, do not regard their work as designed in the main to give them wealth. Great surgeons serve the public, without being Government officials.

Short of a complete reorganisation, therefore, a step should now be taken in the direction of making industrial service into public service. In the first place, the responsibility of the servant must be enforced. The sense of responsibility already exists in many non-public employments, by which

men gain a livelihood; why should not the use of capital in industry have a similar responsibility? This must have definite effects. The law must enforce publication of all the methods by which the interest on capital is obtained. Again, the worker in industry must be made to depend for security and for his livelihood upon the will of the agents of the public, not of the owners of capital. Our "labour" laws must be constructive, and not, as they are now, merely corrective.

But the change cannot be made by law alone. Industry itself must be reorganised; and the new conception of the status of owner and worker in society must become operative in the production of goods. The improvement of the situation will not come about by exhortation, for the evil in it is not due in the main to evil intentions. If all that was wrong was that men were selfish, reform might be secured by preaching at them until they became unselfish. But that is not what is chiefly wrong. It is the system which is defective. The present method of organising our supply of boots and bread, mainly the result of quite unconscious actions and of "material" forces, is such as to make it difficult to act within the industrial system as a public servant.

The present system gives to selfishness every opportunity, and to public service none. A system which placed a premium on violence would be a bad system, because the weak would be unable to get or to give what they ought. A system which weighted the balance in favour of men with red hair would prejudice the chances of men with black hair or bald men. The best system is one which gives the greatest opportunity to the best men and the best elements in every man. The industrial system which was, in the main and not by accident, a public service would give the greatest opportunity to the active and the generous mind. The existing industrial system, however, gives most opportunity to selfishness and the desire for private gain. Its hypothesis is "Caveat emptor"—let the public look after itself; and this cannot be the motto of servants of the public.

We do not argue that the servant should not gain from his service. The results of a man's acts should be felt to be good for himself, not because men need "tips" or "rewards," but because the result of past action should be the opportunity for further service. But even though a man might gain wealth in industrial public service, the system would be different if the desire for such gain did not dominate the minds of men. Another conception must dominate the minds of the servants and of those served in industry; and this conception, embodied in law and administration and in a new system of industrial organisation, is the conception of industry as a public service.

X-RAYS AND THE CURE OF CANCER

ONE of the most hopeful things about the newest "cure" for cancer is the fact that it is not new. And for this reason the customary scepticism which the medical profession feels it a duty to the public to preserve in the face of alleged discoveries, may well be waived in the present instance. All the same, it is important that the public should clearly understand that in the X-ray treatment of malignant disease as being now employed at one of the London hospitals, no new

principle is involved, but only certain modifications of an old principle, chiefly in the direction of improved technique. This being so, it follows that no miracles should be anticipated, nor even any sudden or extensive fall in mortality from the dread disease, as the result of the treatment now being advertised by inspired articles in the lay press. So many have been the false hopes raised, and so many the bitter disappointments, that it becomes a duty of a very definite kind on the part of those concerned to guard against disproportionate statements and unauthentic records.

It has been known for many years that, next to the early and complete removal of a cancerous growth, the most efficacious measure of treatment is to bombard the morbid tissue by certain radiations from X-ray tubes and from radium. There is a point at which the slight but definite difference in stability of the cells of the growth and the cells of the host can be exploited in the patient's interest. The whole object of the radio-active treatment of cancer is to apply the specifically active radiations with just sufficient intensity and depth, and for just sufficient time, to cause destruction and resorption of the tumour without material prejudice being caused to the patient. Much useful work has already been done, in this as in other countries, along these lines, and the results have been steadily encouraging, though not dramatic.

The type of X-ray tube recently introduced into London, and the technique elaborated by careful research at Erlangen, appear to have brought this object nearer than ever before to a successful issue. It is now believed that a much greater actual "dose" of the rays, and the extension of the application over a considerably longer time—several hours instead of several minutes—can be employed without serious results to the patient's general health, and with much greater chance of eradicating the growth. That these prolonged and massive doses of the rays do affect the general health, can be easily demonstrated by experiment and is not infrequently seen during practice. In fairly healthy subjects the deterioration is made up in a short time, but in those who are already seriously debilitated by their disease the treatment may lead to further and permanent undermining of health, and even to worse than this.

It is clear, therefore, that the chief benefits of the "new" treatment are limited to those patients in whom the disease is as yet relatively local and relatively early. But for a malignant growth possessing these two features, there is a consensus of medical opinion that radical operation is the form of treatment offering the greatest hope of permanent cure to the patient. It remains to be seen whether, and if so how soon, medical practice will incline away from the surgical method and towards the radio-active principle. It is probable that for a long time still to come cases will receive treatment, as now, upon their individual merits, and after no hard and fixed plan. But any improvement in treatment which spells hope of relief from major operative procedures is welcome, since it cannot be the last word in the treatment of any disease to remove bodily the diseased organ.

The crux of the problem of the cure of cancer, failing exact knowledge of its causation, remains unaltered by this recent addition to knowledge and practice: this is the fundamental importance of early diagnosis. This desideratum, as will be seen by these reflections, is still paramount.

M. D.

THE LITERARY REACTION.

THERE has been nothing more remarkable in English letters since the signing of the Armistice than their reaction from the ideals of the World War. Some such reaction was inevitable; was indeed necessary. Many of those ideals were false. It is in part to their florescence, as well as to the war itself, the soil wherein they seeded, that we owe our present legacy of misery and exasperation. It is not surprising that the vileness and stupidities of those years should already have blotted some of their record of glory and sacrifice gladly made.

"The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds."

Nor is it to be wondered at if the type of intellect which would deny them any glory, and which questions the gladness of the sacrifice and the right of an abstraction called the nation to have demanded it, has gained a new ascendancy. The garlands have withered indeed, and we, the victor-victim, are bleeding.

And so, in books which touch the war, in the new poetry, the new fiction, the new essay, the new contemporary history, there appears a change of tone with regard to it. In the minor matter of detail, of direct description, there has been an increasing grimness, a tendency to dwell upon horrors, an insistence upon waste and muddle, a bitter attack upon reputations, first those of successful politicians, more recently those of victorious soldiers. In the more important aspect of spirit there has been an attempt to decry the so-called virtues of patriotism and the so-called ideals of nationality. The movement is not confined to those superior beings known as intellectuals. No—far more significant of the pace of the stream, though not perhaps of its depth—it has spread to and swept onward in its course the popular journalist. Nor should this, even, surprise us. Many intellectuals are also sentimentalists; but almost all popular journalists are. Sentiment is an element of the better kind of popularity; sentimentality of the more general kind. Above all, the efficient journalist is quick to see how the wind blows, or, to keep to the original simile, how the stream runs, though he is an ill judge of the volume of water in it. He likes to run with it. And his desire is compatible with perfect honesty. His training, his habits, the conditions of his work, blend to form a second self, and it is by a sort of auto-suggestion that he is inclined to take what he conceives to be the popular view.

These tendencies have been exemplified in many books. They are nowhere more strongly marked than in the defence of the new faith that is in him recently published by the well-known war correspondent, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe.* Mr. Fyfe's *cri de cœur* is that of the wanderer brought to the fold by the zeal of a revivalist: "Look at me! I'm saved! And I've been the greatest sinner of you all." He is so much in earnest, so honest, so full of pity for our poor world and its sorrows, that in decency one strives to keep back the "wanton smile" that comes unbidden. He speaks with bated breath of the effect of the war

* The Making of an Optimist. By Hamilton Fyfe. Parsons. 12s. 6d. net.

on his soul. The effect has been, in short, to change him from a sentimental Conservative and Nationalist into a sentimental Radical and Internationalist. It is as if one took a child's set of painted wooden picture-bricks and turned them over to see the picture on the other side. His views have been neatly turned upside down. Before and during the war, Germany was the enemy; she was seeking to crush the life out of France. Now France is seeking to crush the life out of Germany. Before the war he believed in the principle of nationality, but denied to Ireland the right to possess it. To-day he holds nationality a snare about the ankles of progress, but sympathises with the unbridled nationalism of Sinn Fein. In unregenerate days he held that we were always right and they who opposed us wrong; now he knows that it is enough for England to be engaged in a dispute for the rights of the case to be clear to the regenerate man. He can always safely back the opposition. It is an interesting example of the swing of the pendulum.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's book shows, then, which way the current flows. Has he or anyone else proved that the stream is deep and strong? When one meets the average young man of the war, the man above all who volunteered for service in its early days, does one find that it is with such feelings he has returned? The contrary is the truth. If ever gift be God-given, that of forgetfulness of our miseries assuredly is. For many, for very many, forgetfulness has come, and of the evil rather than of the good. Happy companionships, jinketings, all the pleasant things in that old life bulk larger than they did.

"We," such a young man might say, and very often in effect does say, "saw the world split in pieces. It was a disaster; they tell us it was a mean disaster. It was a disaster so great that it almost makes the good days that went before seem mean by comparison."

There are problems in all this for the statesman and the soldier. What interests the bookman is the effect on our literature. So far as real literature is concerned it has not hitherto been great. Take, for example, the most accomplished poet who has written under the influence of the reaction, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. Can his warmest admirers pretend that posterity is likely to rank anything of his with that wonderful song of Julian Grenfell's, like the passionate trilling of the larks in the air above "No Man's Land," that we heard on a summer's day in Artois? No, they cannot. And Grenfell was an unregenerate man, who dared to write of "joy of battle," as his cousin Francis dared to say with his last breath: "I die happy."

Much of what is written to-day on the war is the mere seething of the pot. Neither we, nor our bards, historians and makers of romances, have yet recovered equilibrium. The war was the greatest event of modern times; it must and will produce, sooner or later, a great literature, written with the calm which is one of the truest characteristics of greatness. As for the moral point of view, a new reaction on that side also will come. It is naught but a perverted sentimentality which leads us to-day to belittle our own former motives and sneer at our own former professions; to vow to-day that we were wrong because then we vowed a thought too loudly we were right.

CYRIL FALLS.

DRAMA

'POUR AVOIR ADRIENNE'

IT is more than likely that the propagation in foreign parts of plays of the type of 'Pour Avoir Adrienne' has had something to do with the firmly-implanted Anglo-Saxon idea that the outward manners of the French nation are far in advance of its morals. Not that M. Louis Verneuil's amusing little play is essentially more immoral than the average British musical comedy; on the contrary, once its convention is accepted, there is not the slightest offence in it. But—and it is a large "but"—the usual French method of playing this type of piece—the light comedy or farce that revolves round unfaithfulness—is not only more skilful, but more natural and apparently effortless, than the English manner of dealing with the same material; perhaps because the English stage is so far a reflection of the English mind that it has never accepted infidelity as a joke in itself. The English actor, therefore, being doubtful if the joke will carry by itself, takes care to strengthen and excuse it by stressing the farcical element in situation, dialogue and character. On the French stage infidelity is accepted as a joke in itself and the actor does not have to go through the process of turning it into a joke. Hence he is able to play his farce less ponderously, more naturally, with less emphasis on the broadly ridiculous; and, by so doing, conveys to an Anglo-Saxon—and therefore uncritical—audience the impression that these natural-seeming people have the outlook and manners of a life that is not of the stage.

If 'Pour Avoir Adrienne' were played in a translation, it is improbable—to take an instance—that an English-speaking actress would be allowed by her producer to play Rose Pompon's first entrance and subsequent scene with Mlle. Madeleine Lambert's comparative repose and absence of broad farcical effect. Rose Pompon is a lady of business-like habits and easy morals, with another woman's husband at her feet; the type of woman who, in an English play of the same calibre—at any rate in nine English plays out of ten—would in some way be blatantly funny: overdressed, perhaps, or provided with farcical "business." Probably as a subtle concession to propriety, our convention insists that the attractions of a lady of Rose Pompon's profession shall always be tempered by vulgarity. And vulgarity—even a suspicion of it—would have spoilt the interview between Rose and her middle-aged admirer.

In his writing of dialogue, as well as in his acting, M. Louis Verneuil has the precious gift of absurdity. His Young Man is a thoroughly absurd person—presented with extraordinary neatness and ridiculous sincerity. M. Verneuil has not the usual objection of the leading actor to appearing at the beginning of a play; as the curtain rises he walks on and sets things going. You learn, from the opening lines of the dialogue, that he has called in order to inform a married lady—presumably immaculate, who does not even know his name—that he has fallen in love with her and intends that his love shall be returned. The lady's protestations and rejections are useless; he merely persists till he gets his way—in Act III. That is all; but it is more than sufficient to fill out an evening with laughter.

The acting all round is of delightful ease and neatness; it suggests that the practice of selecting an actress on the ground of her exact resemblance to a certain physical type is not as prevalent in Paris as in London. Mlle. Geniat and Mlle. Lambert could hardly have acquired their unforced comedy and delicate touch in the course of an experience devoted entirely to the exploitation of their own charming personalities. Something more than personality and the exploitation thereof must have gone to their mastery of the art of movement and variety of farcical expression. To watch them carefully was to realize how much the English theatre suffers from its perennial endeavour to attain realism in acting; to set on the stage not the representation or suggestion of a character but the character itself, not a man who can be funny, but a funny man, not charm represented by the skill of a woman, but a woman actually charming.

CICELY HAMILTON.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

[By A NOVELIST.]

I AM rather fond, when I start to write a new book, of taking some of the characters out of the last. It is helpful to begin a new venture with folk whom you know and with whom you are on good terms. But publishers tell me that this habit of mine is bad. My favourites may not be the reader's favourites, and he may not want to meet them again. And reintroducing characters inevitably leads to repetition, and repetition may lead to boring. So here I am hearkening to good advice and setting out on a long journey with folk who are as yet strangers to me. Where will they take me and how will they treat me on the way?

I am not one of those who plan a story out to the last incident before starting to write. On the whole, I think that a bad way of doing things, for as I should hate to feel that I was predestined to a certain course, so I forbear to tie my characters down. There are things, no doubt, that I should like them to do and hope they will do, but I honestly try to allow them the free will that I should be sorry to think anyone denied me. Methodical persons will say that if I have not planned out my story I cannot see the end of it and I am starting out recklessly without knowing where I am going, and that will not make for good work. I shall wander and ramble and perhaps lose myself in the end. To that criticism I will reply that I know where I want to go and that I have the reasonable hope of getting there that every traveller has of reaching his goal, although he may know nothing of the way.

I am, let us say, in the position of having booked to Aberdeen, where I have never been, by a route of which I do not know a single mile. Having taken my ticket and caught the train, I may confidently look to reaching Aberdeen unless any accident happens. But what Aberdeen is like, and what I shall see on the way, and whom I shall meet and what manner of folk they will be, I do not know as yet. I have begun the journey. And I would gladly have some of my friends from the last book as companions now. But publishers who talk to me for my good have forbidden that. "You're getting into a groove with the old set," they say. "Come out of it—break with them, try new people, new scenes." So they speak in all kindness to one who they think would do better if

he had not so much his own view of things. So I am venturing forth in company that is wholly new. I have picked up with a family—a mother and her three grown-up sons and two grown-up daughters—and my lot is to be with them until—well, until we reach Aberdeen.

Shall I like them? Will they interest me? I cannot say as yet. I hardly know them. It is my own fault perhaps, for being shy and slow to make friends, but we are still all on awkward formal terms and we talk stiltedly. Never a little jolly intimacy between us yet. Never a confidence. We are barely beyond talking of the weather. Yet I think I see in the eldest son a fine, kindly, manly fellow, whom I shall admire, and in the younger daughter strange, intriguing depths. She hasn't the fine looks of her sister, but she is certainly brighter and more interesting.

Is she my heroine? I think she may be, but I am not sure. If she be, will my heart go out to her as it did to Dora, Diana, Daphne and Desdemona? Is she as lovable as they? I cannot tell. For the present she baffles rather than holds me.

Well, I must cultivate this family. Who knows but that they may make my fortune? My old friends never did. Bless them for good companions all the same.

THE BEECH WOOD

IT is in its winter garb that I remember it, when I shut my eyes and travel back in imagination to that quiet land, standing gaunt and aloof upon the summit of a grey hill, its thin aspiring branch tops pointing upwards like the serried spear-heads of an army in close array. From a distance, as it is seen from the casements of the house, it is small and compact, and its top is curved a little with the curve of the hill. Perhaps it is this curve that makes one unable to think of the wood alone; it seems, indeed, to have grown up out of the hill and to be a part of it, so that it is impossible to imagine the one without the other. Each makes the other royal and distinguished: the hill exalts the wood, and the wood crowns the hill.

Only once have I seen the hill by itself, and that towards the end of a day when a south-west gale had been blowing, and the rain at last was hurrying away before the flooding glory of the setting sun. Then it was that a cloud touched the top of the hill and wrapped the wood from sight in a mantle of mist, so that the hill stood forth alone. Once, too, a miracle happened, as though some giant had been at work in the night, and the wood was there alone, but the hill had gone. It was very early one autumn morning that I saw it, when the dew was spread like a frost on the meadows and the hills were all hidden in mist, and before other folks were astir; which after led to some bitterness, for I was alone in my witness and had no one to vouch that I spoke truly. But there it was for all the world to see, the little wood, very ghostly in the half light, riding free upon the air like any fairy wood, and below it only a sea of grey. But above it the sky was bright and clear like water, and suddenly while I looked the wood took fire, and flames ran along the roots of the trees and little by little spread up their trunks and lit their boughs, until the whole wood flared terribly. Then, slowly, the flames abated from the trunks and all

but the leaves grew dark again, and over their top there burst the morning sun.

In summer, from below, it is darkling-green and mysterious, and it shimmers in the heat like a bevy of dancing gnats at sundown. Reposing on the green hilltop it never stirs, and its foliage casts a deep black shadow on the turf. All this Downland with its broad, boundless stretches punctuated by occasional clusters of trees high up against the sky, is like the country of 'The Faerie Queene.' When you see this beech wood dark and distant and sinister in the summer haze, you can believe a solitary dragon still lurks within it, out of whose dread maw pours forth "a flood of poyson horrible and black." But when you go close up to it, you find it just such a shady grove as Spenser had in mind when he brought his Gentle Knight at last to the shelter of a wood after riding all day across the wide empty hills.

It is exactly four miles from the house, and to reach it you cross lush water meadows where cows, reflected in streams as placid as themselves, browse all day in the sun. Between the meadows and the wood two hills have to be climbed, the one on which the wood stands, and another before it. They are not separated by a valley, but only by a shallow dip in the ground, just deep enough to hide the Magic House. You do not see it till you have come almost to the top of the first rise, for it stands upon the far side of the hill; and I shall never forget my pleasure and surprise when I lit upon it for the first time. For I saw before me, rising as it were from the earth, a thin wisp of smoke blown by the breeze, so that I thought some one had made a fire on the nether slope. But as I climbed, so there came up slowly from out of the ground a house: and the higher I went, the higher it grew. At first appeared only a crooked chimney, which stretched and stretched until a gable window, then other windows, and at length a whole house, stood up before my eyes. It is an old mis-shapen house, such as Mr. Rackham delights to draw, and you might imagine elves and fairies dwelling in the cracks and crannies of its weather-beaten walls.

Within, the wood is full of peace. It is cool and dim, and so closely set that when you enter it from under the unsheltered sky you are struck half-blind for a little by the sudden darkness. The trees stand thin and straight, too near one another to branch outwards, with their long, twisting, bony roots like a witch's frantic fingers delving in the soil for hidden gold; and all down each trunk—which is smooth and grey like velvet—stretches a thin black line where water runs to earth. It is a wood to work magic, a healing wood, like that which moved into Lob's garden on a mid-summer night and offered all who entered it a second chance. For it surely gives those who tread its rustling paths another life, so that they forget this life and have no thought for anything but beauty.

In spring it is like a cathedral. Its sturdy trunks are as austere grey pillars, the branches spread and interlace to make a fretted vault, and the light suffused by the young leaves is like the pale green of stained glass; the whole most still and sombre. The soft damp smell is incense, and the wind stirring aloft among the leaves is music, faint and trembling out of the shadows. That, and the song of birds, the occasional flutter of a dove disturbed, the infinitely distant murmur

of the sea—all the sounds of which silence is composed—fall gently on the ear through the hush.

Sometimes I have sat at the edge of the wood, as it were dissecting the stillness; listening to each separate sound and watching whence it came. There may be a scurrying in the gorse on the slope of the hill, and a rabbit go tumbling over the mole-hills and away to his burrow, his white tail twinkling in and out among the bushes. Or it may be the wheeling plaint of gulls following a plough in the valley, or a passing cuckoo calling on the wing; or the mournful acrobatics of a curlew may arrest the eye and ear. Perhaps from down below comes the far bark of a dog, or the clatter of shunting goods-trucks, so mellowed by distance as to be restful; until at last I am lulled by the little noiseless noises once more into heedless repose.

Across the valley on the far side of the wood stands a noble row of hills, and in the heat of summer afternoons they lose their detail in the haze, and seem only to dream and dream. But though I have watched them often and have pondered on them long and deep, I have never been able to tell of what it is they dream. No man has captured that secret, nor, I think, ever will, though many have tried; for if they do so, the mystery that draws men to the Downs will have been discovered, and none will go there more.

Looking back across the water meadows to the hills beyond, you may see at sundown a strange and moving sight. For the sun goes down behind these hills, and when it has half sunk below the highest of them, the hilltop flames like a beacon lit in olden days to tell of approaching danger, or to celebrate some great victory. It is a beacon lit by the sun in warning of night's invasion. Evening, indeed, is beautiful up here. It comes a little later than to the rest of the world, so that you may watch the fields below fold into the night while yet day lingers on the hill outside the wood. The last rook steers his solitary way over the tree-tops, cawing his curfew as he goes. Down below, in the valley, the farm house dwindles in the dusk. It stands secure and hidden in leaves beside the placid river—where deep among the trees a nightingale calls in vain all night to his love—and peace comes dropping slow at evening like a great ship swinging to harbour on the tide.

Of one other thing I must write before leaving the Beech Wood, for it is the rarest thing of all, and that is the delight of watching the sky from within it. On any day it is wonderful: in summer, when the sky is so blue that it tears your heart to behold it; in winter, when it is still blue, but pale and dancing with the frost in the air; and on grey days when the clouds move only slowly, and the tree tops wheel and wheel against the sky and never fall; but most of all, I think, on clear windy days when proud white horses prance across the blue, drawing great chariots behind them, and on stormy evenings after rain, when sturdy gallions ride on turbulent seas, their bronze sails belied with the wind. Nor is the night less beautiful. For then the stars peep through and through the latticed branches, like glimpses of many lights on rippled waters, and the black boughs stir ever so slightly across the pale-faced moon. Gazing up at the stars in the blue-black sky, it seems as though there were chinks and pin-holes in the floor of heaven through which streams the flooding light of its eternal halls, and as though

their twinkling and going out and bobbing up again, like distant lights at sea, were made by the passing to and fro of countless feet.

GERALD BARRY.

MUSIC NEGRO SPIRITUALS

LIKE Old Darley, whose innumerable tails so sadly mystified Mark Twain upon a certain historical occasion, a Negro "Spiritual" is not a thing one can discuss, learnedly and fluently, without more or less preparation. And the trouble is that the greater the preparation, the more the confusion of thought. Much has been written upon the subject of these tunes by musicians of standing—from Dvorak to Roland Hayes—while of recent years America has developed a literature devoted entirely to the discussion of what is certainly a vexed question.

What is the origin of the melodies which the Royal Southern Singers sang us at the Aeolian Hall recently? Where do they come from? How old are they, and what was the manner of their making? Are they of pure negro descent or are they little more than perversions of American European tunes? The will to believe so often constitutes belief itself.

We gather, for instance, that Delius was under the impression that the principal theme of his "Appalachia" Variations was of negro extraction, but we have only to set our minds harping upon the reminiscent string to persuade ourselves that he was an unconscious victim of self-deception.

When our black brothers were taught to read the Bible, wear trousers and drink fire-water, they seem to have discarded the music of their fathers with the "altogether" style of dress and cocoa-nut milk. Christianity to them was nothing if not a vitally fervent and intimate exercise. Moses was as much a man as he was a divine instrument and they treated him as such in their vocal orisons. It is the intimacy of their relations with their Maker and his disciples that is the characteristic feature of these so-called "Spirituals." The Salvationist who half jocularly—half threateningly—tells you that "You must keep your eye upon the Lord" is a poor second to the coloured gentleman when it comes to hobnobbing with the Saints. If the Apostolic Peter were to revisit the scenes of his earthly ministrations they would metaphorically slap him on the back and address him in terms of song as "Boss" or "Old Pete." The claim put forward in a programme note that these "Spirituals are offshoots of an African root," on the grounds of similarity of rhythm and crudeness of construction, is not very convincing. Everyone knows that rhythm was the senior partner in the music-making of primitive races, but not the least notable feature of the examples referred to is the intermittence of the rhythmic combinations. Crudeness of construction was to be observed at every turn, but that does not prove that any of the tunes came from Africa. It is merely a sign of untutored effort on somebody's part. Nor does the ingenuous nature of the harmonic structure help us much. The inability of the unskilful to wrestle, anything but ingenuously, with three and four part harmony does not imply racial characteristic in the music itself.

As for the songs at the Aeolian Hall, we can forget all about Pentatonic scales and "catches,"

the employment of which is every bit as much European as it is African. The North American slave labouring under a sense of injustice and lashed into the ventilation of his grievances sought a safety valve in any tunes and melodies that came his way. The only music he heard was the music made by his white masters and the ministers of his new religion. He had a poor ear, a very limited technique, and the passion for improvisation which belongs to all primitive races. When he tried his hand at poetising the result was disastrous to an equitable understanding between music and words. One or the other hung over badly, and in trying to make both ends meet he was compelled to resort to practices which resulted in all sorts of additions and subtractions.

Then the Folk Song fiend descended upon him with paper and pencil, and his vocal exercises suffered those accretions, deletions and convenient harmonic trappings with which the specialist seeks to improve the occasion.

Negro vocalists have a good deal in common with Russian vocalists, that is to say their tenor voices are as white in colour and as hard in tone as their bass voices are dark and sonorous. The Royal Southern Singers in attack have a genius for failing to hit the note in the middle and then sliding up to it, and vice versa. But although you cannot judge their performance by the usual standards of Quintet singing, theirs is nothing if not a characteristic style of entertainment. They reap the reward of their pains in the smiles and amused exclamations and the generally intimate spirit which their efforts evoke.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

There has been a pother in America over the music-critic's use of technical terms. How—it is asked—can the general public, who are said to cherish an overmastering passion for the best music, be expected to take an intelligent interest in the daily happenings of the musical world, when these pestilent fellows continue to use terms which are Greek—or rather Latin—to the majority of readers? We seem to have heard something like this before. The music-critic is periodically reviled because he cannot make his criticisms of absorbing human interest to the man in the street. He should be able, it is claimed, to translate the technicalities of music into everyday household words.

The journalist who employs such terms as "Contango," "Long hop," and "Stymie" is not called upon to explain—*ad nauseam*—in non-technical language, exactly what these things mean. If he were, he would require four times more space than that now allotted to him by a parsimonious editor.

Should, however, the music-critic venture upon such commonplaces as "mezzo voce," "coloratura," and "harmonies," he is regarded as a "high-brow" and immediately relegated to the place reserved for bores and dullards.

Those who are sufficiently interested in music to want to read about it must be credited with an elementary knowledge of their subject, just the same as those who read about the Stock Exchange, cricket, and golf must be acquainted with the rudiments of the game. Besides, it has yet to be proved that St. Cecilia was a democrat.

TWO AMERICANS

LAST Saturday evening I saw John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," at the Lyceum Theatre. Irving's temple is now "Popular Playhouses, Limited: Walter Melville and Frederick Melville, managing directors." Why object? Why repine? The world moves. The cards get shuffled. Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge is living in Lansdowne House, and I am writing for the SATURDAY REVIEW.

To the Lyceum has now come 'Abraham Lincoln.' "Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance."

The Theatre was packed last Saturday. As this fine and moving play progressed, it was plain that the audience was caught in that rare wave of tense, silent, spiritual emotion that rolls up when a great theme is finely handled. This has been accomplished by John Drinkwater in 'Abraham Lincoln.' When a friend, who is also a dramatic critic, said to me, "'Tisn't a play at all, it's merely a series of episodes," I replied, "Then for heaven's sake let us have more such episodes on the stage. I don't care whether it's a play or a pump handle if I be richly moved, and memory holds the happiness."

Everyone is moved, except the few who are never moved by anything which the majority like, or who have such a pedantic veneration for Abraham Lincoln, that they take it as an affront when he is presented, to the city and to the world, by sculptor, playwright, or actor. I prefer the bubbling-over enthusiasm of a young man, a stranger, in immaculate evening attire, who looked as if he had been playing polo in the afternoon. We met in the interval. I was leaving the Lyceum to take the air and to reflect, for the hundredth time, on the simple mystery of Abraham Lincoln, clear as noon, if you regard him clearly, as shown in this significant play, when the immaculate, sunburnt young man, who was also hurrying out to take the air, and who was excited, bumped into me. Instead of muttering a "Sorry, Sir," he clutched my arm (perhaps he thought he had almost knocked me down) and he cried, "It's wonderful! It's wonderful!" I smiled, and said, "Do you know anything about the life of Lincoln?" "Not a word," he answered, "But it's wonderful! It's wonderful."

That was interesting. This healthy young Englishman, without culture, without fads, had sensed at once the simple mystery of Abraham Lincoln. He was a good man. He was a practical mystic. He did a thing, not because it was politic, but because it was right. He was God's man in trouble, as in prosperity. That is so rare, so very infrequent in modern times, in any times, that the world of America, and in growing numbers, the world of England, is at his feet. Drinkwater's play is doing it, is spreading the Lincoln idea, and in lesser degree, for the study has not the audience of the stage, Lord Charnwood's monograph on Lincoln. And when King George dropped the solvent of love into the English-Irish quarrel cauldron, he did what Lincoln would have done. So simple.

Frankly I admit that at the Lyceum performance it took me half an hour to become used to the mannerisms, over-emphasis, and mincing ways of Mr. William J. Rea, who plays the part of Abraham Lincoln. There are excuses for him. The Lyceum is a large house, and if an actor plays to the top row of the gallery, and the back row of the

pit, the sensitive occupant of the second row of the stalls must have moments of agony. I did not see the performance over two years ago at Hammersmith, because I was not in London; but I saw the play in America three times; and while I was gradually growing used to Mr. William J. Rea's mannerisms, over-emphasis, and mincing ways, almost forgetting them in the intensity of the drama, I could not quite put from my mind the amazing performance, in New York, of Mr. Frank McGlynn as Abraham Lincoln. The discovery of him is a romance in itself: how after weeks of seeking for an actor to play the part, it came to the Producer's ears, through a chance remark overheard in a restaurant, that somewhere, in some outlying town, was an actor called Frank McGlynn, who had played Lincoln in another version, who looked like Lincoln, who was a Lincoln student, and who lived solitary, the kind of "easy, high way" life of interior thought that Lincoln lived. With difficulty he was found; he was the ideal man; the play was rehearsed, and to a dress rehearsal "Old Joe Cannon" was persuaded to come, unwillingly, saying, "I knew Abe too well to want to see him on the stage." He retained his hat and coat, meaning to leave soon, but he stayed. "Here, take my hat and coat," he cried. "This is wonderful, but I must coach that young man a bit after the performance. There are a few gestures and movements of Abe's that I can teach him." That was done. "Old Joe Cannon" and Frank McGlynn had a couple of strenuous hours together.

Then came the first night of 'Abraham Lincoln' in New York. It was curious. It was strange. It was very impressive. When Frank McGlynn as Abraham Lincoln made his first entry he could not kiss his wife, shake hands with his friends, and go on with—"John Brown, did you say? Aye, John Brown. But that's not the way it's to be done. And you can't do the right thing the wrong way. That's as bad as the wrong thing, if you're going to keep the State together." He could not say this because the moment he appeared the audience shouted. The cheers did not die away; they grew in volume; the house rose to its feet, and when the noise was at its height I screamed into my companion's ear—"What does it mean? McGlynn is unknown in New York!" "It means," she replied with a sob: "it means that they are cheering Lincoln."

That was a remarkable evening. I lost the illusion of acting altogether. I was with Lincoln, re-living with him those great, sad days at Springfield, Washington, and Appomattox. McGlynn was Lincoln. But I never lost the illusion of acting at the Lyceum, and yet I did not have one faltering moment, for the high theme of Lincoln never faltered. This is high praise for the play.

When I come to think of it, the gaunt, dear, and great figure of Abraham Lincoln strode before me like an Invisible Guide, during my four years in America; held, consoled, and inspired me. No pundit, no mandarin he: the raciness, the go-as-you-please ness of him in his leisure hours, makes this practical mystic a real, human being. When I arrived in America, it was my privilege to acclaim, against much opposition, in season and out of season, the rightness of the Gothic sincerity of George Grey Barnard's statue of Lincoln. On the eve of my departure for England I visited Barnard's studio on Washington Heights at the tip of Manhattan Island, high up above the Hudson River,

and there I saw the marble head of Lincoln which is reproduced here on page 83. I went with Mr. John Gellatly of New York, and we looked, and we were silent, for the presence of Lincoln seemed very near at that moment: then Mr. Gellatly said, "I should like to present this to France." This has been done. The head is now in the Luxembourg Gallery.

And since an artist's explanation is more to the point than an appreciator's enthusiasm, I will quote a letter that Barnard wrote about this marble:—

"This head of Abraham Lincoln by my hand, and eye, is based entirely on the life-mask taken when Lincoln was beardless, at the date of his nomination for Presidency. Future ages will have this life mask to read, but the science of Sculpture can so develop things invisible to the untrained eye, that this untrained eye can behold nature's secrets revealed without effort. My science has been applied to this problem, and from the analysis of the life-mask, I prepared the entire statue of Lincoln—posture, forms and character. The head of Lincoln was developed for the purpose of *knowing* Lincoln. My science is that given me by France, registering the constructive planes as they come through the sea of light. This, the original head, I wrought out in 125 days' work. The head, in marble, I sign No. 1, 1921, with the hope it may be worthy the path as shown me by the artists of France."

If I had space I would like to tell of the wonderful War Memorial that Mr. Barnard has designed (it has not yet been considered by the American Government) for the "great natural Acropolis" on Washington Heights, 215 feet above the Hudson, and a thousand feet across, that stretches out beyond his studio. This "great natural Acropolis" has been acquired by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., and he is ready—under conditions—to hand it over to the City of New York.

So I come, by a tolerably natural transition, to another American, to Mr. Paul Manship's bust of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, senr., that, by an artistic chance, faces the head of Abraham Lincoln in this issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Two Americans! One made his country, the other made a fortune out of his country, which he is now giving away, scientifically and swiftly. I believe that Mr. J. D. Rockefeller was the author of the saying "It's more difficult to give money away—properly, than to make it."

Perhaps I may be allowed to quote what I said about the Rockefeller bust in my article on Paul Manship in the issue of July 2nd:—

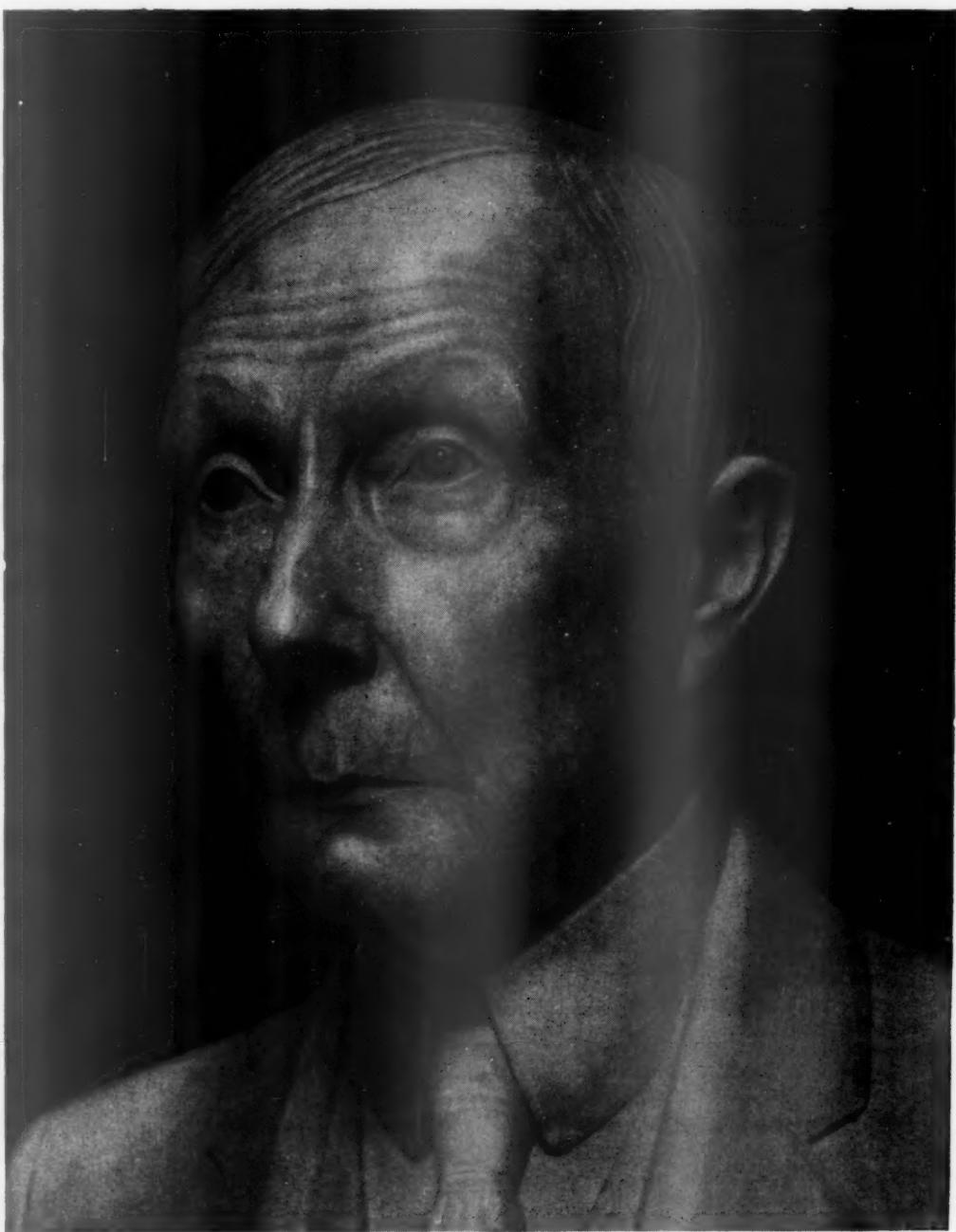
"It is realism and idealism: it shows Mr. Rockefeller's eighty-three years frankly, the sagging cheeks, the shrunken throat, and the strange hawk-like yet wistful look of the hard, yet supple, ascetic face, rather pathetic, as if astonished at growing old. It speaks of silence and questionings, yet it is unafraid, and it seems to be saying—'I have handled men and affairs with consistent skill. I have met worldly wisdom with greater worldly wisdom: now I look into the future, calm, watchful, waiting, without fear and without any amazement.'"

When Abraham Lincoln was in trouble he consulted—God.

When Woodrow Wilson was in trouble he consulted—Colonel House.

When John Davison Rockefeller is in trouble he consults—himself.

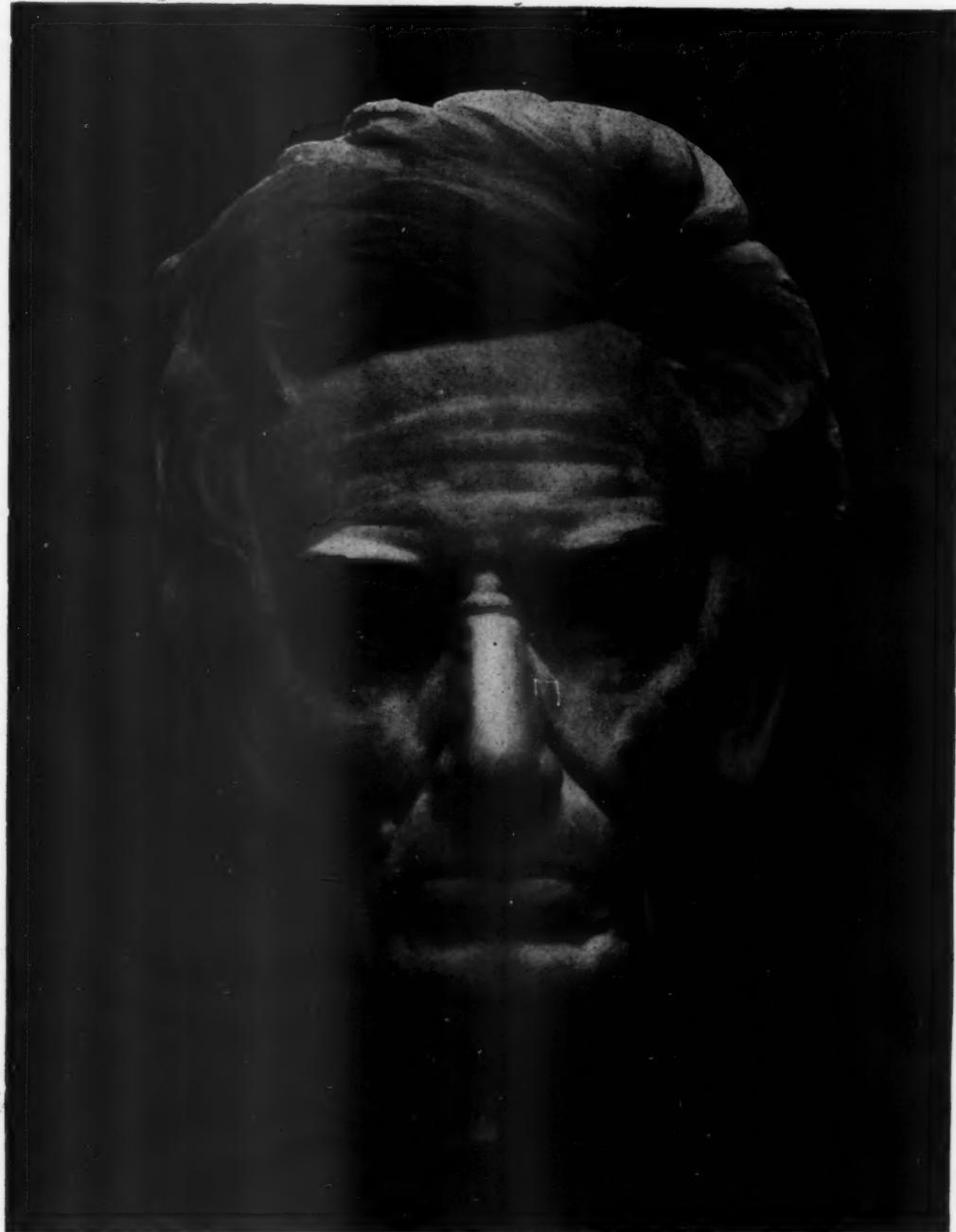
C. LEWIS HIND.



J. D. ROCKEFELLER.

From the marble by Paul Manship.

This marble is semi-translucent, is tinted a delicate cream colour, and the eyes have a shade of blue.



Photograph by William Grey, New York.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From the marble by George Grey Barnard.

Based entirely on the life-mask taken when Lincoln was beardless. This head is signed "No. 1, 1921."

VERSE

THE IDEA.

I caught it flitting through the branches of my mind :

I held it, trembling in my humid grip,
Frail as a bird and fluttering, half-resigned
To brutal fingering.
I let it slip,
Slip through my nerveless fingers,
Slip and spin
Upwards amid the foliage.

How should I know but on the nodding tip
Of that giant tree
Touched vernal green—
The vast most palely thin
Smeared widely gold around—
It peers for me, from high and dancing perch,
Black, beady-eyed, head cocked, to search
Far, far beneath the latticed loops of ground ?

How should I know its lofty perch will keep
Red, yellow, crimson,
Flame-feathers whipped to light
In God's wide sight ?

How should I know its lofty perch will keep
So fair a prisoner, till I've strength to climb
Through thorn and strangled branches, up the steep
To that sublime ?

Ah God ! in truth most bitter are the roots
Beneath my feet.
More so the stunted shoots
And lean grey branches,
Keeping from my sight
Terrible light.
Faint-hearted I ! to struggle and pursue,
Upwards and upwards, thoughts of it and you.
So long to wait beneath, among the holes
Treacherous with bracken, guarded boles
And shedded leaves,
Grey, dry, blood-red and black !

Only sometimes the bunching twigs may part
Perhaps—
To wake my heart ?

ANTHONY RICHARDSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MESOPOTAMIAN BURDEN.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—Among the many legacies of the Great War, none is likely to prove more expensive than Mesopotamia, as to which we have so lightly accepted a heavy responsibility, the consequences of which cannot yet be fully seen.

Mr. Winston Churchill, under whose administrative control the two mandated territories of Palestine and Mesopotamia have passed, has stated recently that our expenditure upon them, which in the financial year 1919-1920 amounted to some 70 to 80 millions, is now 35 millions annually, and will, it is hoped, be reduced to from 9 to 10 millions in 1922-1923, provided the Government's anticipations are not "overthrown by events." The meaning of this phrase is clear when he adds that his estimate of future expenditure is based upon two

conditions, namely, the establishment of an autonomous Arab administration in Mesopotamia and the conclusion of a lasting peace with Turkey. Neither condition shows signs of immediate fulfilment, and it is more than probable that Mesopotamia alone will cost us more than the estimated ten millions annually for several years.

Although that country undoubtedly possesses considerable resources, such as the Mosul oilfields, they require development, and their distance from the coast will involve a heavy expenditure and the maintenance of certain garrisons. Nor is the political outlook in Mesopotamia any brighter than the immediate financial one.

Sentiment and tradition play important parts in the East, and any policy that appears to attack the customs of the country or to affect the associations of ages will be sure to meet with bitter local opposition. The Arab values his freedom above everything, and the untrammelled life of the desert, enjoyed for centuries, has given him a spirit of independence and a love of liberty that can scarcely be appreciated by Western peoples. Too sudden an attempt to apply our political ideas or administrative control to Irak will lead to disturbance, not only in the Valley of the Euphrates, but throughout the entire East.

There is a third point upon which a word of caution and correction is necessary. It is often asserted that our retention of Mesopotamia is an essential feature of our present scheme of Imperial defence in the East, and is especially necessary for the safeguarding of India. No greater fallacy exists.

The retention of Mesopotamia constitutes a grave danger to us in the East and weakens our hold upon India, and this is the view of most military strategists of eminence and is the considered opinion of the Imperial General Staff and of the Government's responsible military advisers. The problem of imperial defence in the East is the problem of India. As long as we securely hold our great dependency and maintain its sea communications we dominate the East : lose it, and our Eastern Empire crumbles and disappears.

Now, Nature has furnished India with the strongest natural land frontier in the world, and the mighty massif of the Himalayas and their offshoots stands as a bulwark between the peninsula and the rest of Asia. Such invasions from the north as have been successful have been so when the country has been weakly held and its peoples torn by faction, and have by no means been due to the strategical superiority of the invader.

No modern army, dragging behind it the tremendous impedimenta in supplies and munitions required for the successful prosecution of a modern campaign, can hope for success in a land attack upon India as long as we stand concentrated behind the great mountainous barrier Nature has provided, holding the few exits, and served by a scientific and well-developed system of rail and road communication, allowing both free lateral movement and the rapid reinforcement of any part of the front from the rear.

Our position in India itself is, moreover, greatly strengthened as long as we remain on terms of friendship with Afghanistan, which then becomes a true buffer State, and one the automatic action of which can be kept in working order by the periodical application of the best lubricant known in the East—British gold.

This was our policy for many years, a policy approved by many wise and statesmanlike Ministers and Viceroys, one that gave us general control over Afghanistan's foreign relations and a preponderating influence in her commercial development without that too intimate interference with her internal arrangements which a proud and warlike people readily resent.

It is most unfortunate that this wise policy should have been departed from, and that Afghanistan now sees herself free to enter into more intimate relations with other States than with Great Britain, as is witnessed by her recent agreement with the Kemalists, but this failure in policy does not alter the military situation or change the fundamental principles of strategy.

To adventure far beyond her borders into the Asian Continent is not to strengthen but to weaken India, and this would be true even were Mesopotamia gifted with strongly defensive frontiers in place of being, as she is, open to attack on nearly every side. The first military precaution we ought to take were we attacked in the East by a great Power or a combination of Powers would be a withdrawal from Mesopotamia, but withdrawals in the East in the face of the enemy are apt to be misjudged, and political considerations might then override military ones. All the more necessary is it, therefore, that we weigh well the military consequences of retaining Mesopotamia and arrive at sound conclusions in time of peace.

Fortunately Mr. Churchill appears to appreciate the military situation, for, although incorrectly reported in the House of Commons the other day upon this very point, he clearly stated that he could not say with regard to Mesopotamia that there were primary direct strategic interests involved, and he went on to add that the defence of India could be better conducted from her strategic frontier, orthodox opinions which coincide with those of his military advisers.

The burden of Mesopotamia that has been laid upon us cannot therefore be favourably regarded from the financial, the political or the military standpoint, and whilst we are bound to do our best to carry out our obligations to that country under the terms of the mandate, we are at least equally bound to look at our own imperial interests, which at this moment imperatively demand the strictest economy in administration.

This country will not approve of a policy that lays too heavy a burden upon us in our present circumstances, or support adventures in the East that may cost us a vast expenditure in lives and money.

Yours, etc.,

G. H. Q.

GERMANY "IRREDENTA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your leading article of the 9th inst., entitled 'A Hegelian Policy,' deserves to be commended for its frank and candid statement of what few of our statesmen seem to have the courage to say to-day, although many of them would endorse every word of it.

No one desires to break faith with our French Allies with whom we faced the common danger of an aggressive war in a titanic struggle of four years. We desire to be loyal, yet if that loyalty is to mean

anything, it must rest upon a mutual confidence born of a clear understanding of our differences as well as of our agreements.

We shall not offend our French or Polish friends by telling them frankly that we cannot approve of the policy of attempting to stifle Germany economically. Such a policy is doomed to failure, and the repercussion will but sow the seeds of future wars. The economic recovery of the central European Powers is absolutely essential to the restoration of a general economic stability in Europe. If this can be attained even at the expense of certain concessions to Germany, we shall do well to let the flames of hate and rancour subside. Our export trade will recover as the foreign markets are opened again, and unemployment at home will decrease.

The importance of Upper Silesia in the settlement of the Central European situation cannot be exaggerated. The decision of the Supreme Council in regard to this province will be of such far-reaching consequences for the future peace of Europe that it calls for very serious deliberation and far-sighted statesmanship.

I agree with the writer of 'A Hegelian Policy' that to hand over the province to Poland would be to run a grave risk of creating a new Alsace-Lorraine in the least stable part of Europe. Apart from the results of the plébiscite, Upper Silesia is a very essential factor in the economic life of Germany, without which her development must be seriously restricted. If the province is handed over to Poland, it is certain that Germany will regard that territory as "Irredenta," to be redeemed at some future propitious political moment.

It is not generally realised that the Allied Powers have already created one Alsace-Lorraine on Poland's frontiers in the so-called Free City of Danzig. Let no one imagine that the Danzigers rejoice over their heritage, except in so far as it protects them from absorption into the Republic of Poland. The City is more German both historically and in respect of population (93%, 1920), than perhaps any part of Upper Silesia. During the last century, German industry and ingenuity had enabled the Port to rise from extreme poverty consequent upon the Napoleonic wars to a position of increasing wealth and prosperity in the German Empire in 1914. The establishment of the Free City abruptly severed the Danzigers against their will from Germany, the market for all their goods, the source of all their raw materials, manufactured and semi-manufactured articles. Poland is, and will be for some time, unable to supply these goods, and owing to the low value of the mark, foreign markets are closed to Danzig. Poland is, of course, now an open market for Danzig goods, but the requirements of a backward people like the Poles cannot be compared with those of Germany. Moreover, rising Polish industries will naturally be fostered by all available means in competition with Danzig.

Economically the City is now entirely dependent upon Poland, and fears of Polonisation completely overshadow all prospects of commercial prosperity.

An Allied Commission is at present sitting at Danzig to determine the disposal of all former Imperial and State property to Danzig or Poland in accordance with the Peace Treaty. This includes all the most valuable industrial property of the City, such as the former Imperial dockyard,

the Rifle factory and the Artillery workshops, etc., essential to the economic existence of the City. It seems very probable that the influence of France will succeed in getting most of this property transferred to Poland, which will greatly increase Danzig's fears of Polonisation.

The City is destined once again in her history to become an object of political intrigue between rival Powers. Germans of all classes regard Danzig as an oppressed German city which must one day be liberated. The Danzigers themselves would rise as one man to welcome the liberators.

During the Bolshevik offensive against Poland, Danzig was a hotbed of anti-Polish intrigue, where Soviet emissaries from Moscow met German Nationalists from Berlin. In an Upper Silesia handed over to Poland it cannot be doubted that similar conditions would prevail with the certain consequence of war sooner or later.

In Eastern Europe everything depends on relations between Poland and Germany. We may excuse in the Pole his bitter feeling towards the German. We understand that he has been too long under the heel of the oppressor to develop political wisdom, but it is difficult to understand how he can fail to realise that, with Germany rapidly recovering in the West and with Russia an unknown but still mighty factor in the East, he is bound to go under unless he can cultivate amicable relations with one of these Powers.

During the Danzig negotiations in Paris last year I was on one occasion the guest of the Polish Delegation when the question of Poland's future was discussed. I ventured the opinion that some sort of understanding between Poland and Germany was the safest policy for Poland. The Poles ridiculed the suggestion, and remarked that we English were naively insular in our ideas and that we never should understand either France or Poland until we had learnt the meaning of "revanche."

Perhaps the Poles will one day come to realise that herein lies the unparalleled success of Great Britain's foreign policy.

Yours, etc.,

L. W. CHARLEY.

STAGNATICS.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—The present Government is apparently qualifying for immortality by its foundation of a new political science—the science of Stagnatics. It is successful in nothing but standing still. Three causes in particular have contributed to its lethargy: reaction from the enforced activity of the war—a disease which has affected all sections of the nation; an over-large Parliamentary majority; and the ineffectiveness shared by all Coalitions consequent upon the attempt to serve two masters.

Of these three causes the last is the most important. To maintain a Coalition successfully it is essential to preserve a nice system of "checks and balances" which the well-disposed will term "moderation" and the ill-disposed "shilly-shallying," and which, in effect, means moving neither forwards nor backwards, but standing "easy." An exact balance of power between two opposed political parties would in practice prevent the pursuance of a strong policy on any subject, but when that balance has to be preserved within a party theoretic-

cally one, it is more than ever impossible to adopt a consistent course, for in the multiplicity of counsels none prevails for any length of time. The result is, at the best, a negative policy; at the worst, no policy at all. The temptation is to resort to delay, to put off till the day after to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.

This result has been seen over and over again in the last two years, and has been particularly evident of late. The coal strike was allowed to continue until it settled itself under the menace of starvation; definite pledges were given to farmers and farm-labourers and within six months of being given have been ruthlessly withdrawn; the housing subsidy to private builders has been abolished without notice; above all, on the very day that the King was making his memorable appeal to Ireland, presumably prepared or at all events approved by the Cabinet, the Lord Chancellor as spokesman for that Cabinet was voicing its decision in favour of increased force in that quarter. Then came the surprising *volte face*, which Ireland may be pardoned for having received at the outset with some measure of reserve, if not incredulity.

These negligences and inconsistencies, necessitated in part as they are by the nature of the Coalition, are accentuated by the inveterate opportunism of its head. Mr. Lloyd George has an amazing genius for seizing the opportunity afforded by the moment, and more especially for recognising the moment when it arrives. This talent, added to his own personal superiority over even the most able of his colleagues, has led him to attend himself to all matters of prime importance. Now the outstanding problems of post-war politics have been those of foreign affairs; but opportunism with the lack of a clearly defined policy in foreign relationships is exceedingly dangerous. Yet it has been painfully apparent. In its foreign policy the Coalition Government has been consistently inconsistent.

One need not, at this time of day, concern oneself with impossible promises to hang the Kaiser or with the farce produced in Leipsic by the Government's attempt to honour its pledges regarding war criminals; no one, least of all the men who made them, took those promises very seriously. But other details of our treatment of Germany, arising out of the Treaty of Versailles, though no less dilatorily managed, were of far greater and more urgent importance. There was the matter of reparations: after months of delay and indecision, after all kinds of futile expedients had been resorted to and all manner of ineffectual penalties threatened, a sane and moderate policy was adopted towards Germany which might have been formulated at the outset, to the alleviation of much uncertainty to trade and of many trials of the temper of our French neighbours. The delay involved was similar to that produced by the muddled policy of the Government towards Russia. With Russia, after prolonged indecision, at last an agreement was reached which is only half an agreement, and there the matter has been left.

But the outstanding question of European foreign policy at the moment is that of Upper Silesia, of which you wrote last week. It is time that the Government came out with a strong and bold line of procedure in this matter. At one time it appeared likely to happen, when Mr. Lloyd George issued his very forceful manifesto emphasising the

rights of Germany under the Treaty to the undisputed possession of Upper Silesia. Britain was stated to be resolute in her determination, and a break with France was threatened. But this fiery determination soon died away, and for more than a month since we have been awaiting the leisurely pleasure of the Supreme Council. Meanwhile the longer the Poles retain Upper Silesia the longer they are likely to retain it. The Government should have brooked no delay. There was no question of pro-Germanism; it was entirely a matter of upholding the provisions of a Treaty to which they were signatories, and to allow the subject even to be re-discussed was a move of unqualified weakness.

A Treaty must be observed by those who made it, when it favours the vanquished no less than when it favours the victors, and to have insisted firmly upon the obvious justice of such an axiom would have been once and for all to show those who thought otherwise that, so far at all events as Britain was concerned, unreasonable vindictiveness and militarism would receive no further countenance. The consequences of weakness here are vital: a certain legacy of war in the future, and the permanent industrial crippling of a country, who, it is true, was lately our enemy, but whose re-establishment as a commercial power is as important for the welfare of British trade and the trade of all Europe as for her own. This is a fact that will have to be faced, and the Government will do well to signify their abandonment of the novel science of Stagnatics by facing it at once with resolution. There are signs that, under pressure from the Dominions representatives now assembled in this country, moves in more than one direction are in progress or in contemplation. But one cannot be excessively hopeful that the courses pursued will be either wisely chosen or rigidly held.

Yours, etc.,

DYNAMICS.

THE LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—The perpetual injunction which was dinned into the ears of the British public during the war on every occasion that the liberty of the subject was restricted, whether or not this was necessary—"You must regard this as an act of discipline and self-denial to ensure efficiency"—seems to have transformed a people full of vim, eager and intelligent individuals, who both worked and played hard with the best possible results, into a dull, apathetic, "grousing" nation which apparently is resigned to the inevitable, ejaculates Kismet, and follows the line of the least resistance—a most dangerous and deteriorating course of action.

In no instance is this better seen than in its acquiescence with the dictates of the arrogant, irresponsible, and bureaucratic Liquor Control Board, to whose absurd and monstrous ukase regarding the hours during which wine can be served during supper in London you refer in your last issue. Thousands of visitors to the Metropolis, disgusted and disheartened with the existing state of affairs, either return to their homes earlier than they would otherwise have done, or go on to some Continental resort where such unnecessary and ridiculous regulations are unknown.

Yours, etc.,

ERNEST A. DANBURY.

REVIEWS

IRISH POETRY.

Irish Poets of To-day. An Anthology compiled by L. D'O. Walters. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

A FEW years ago Ireland seemed to be the greatest dreamer among nations. Its poets no longer made warlike ballads, but seemed to exist in a region of druid twilights and elfin tunes. They bathed their spirits in Connla's Well, the Irish fountain of All-wisdom. The Gaelic League had set thousands of young men and women studying the national language and literature, the tales of demi-gods, voyages to faery, and that exquisite lyric poetry revealed in translation by Hyde, Sigerson and Meyer. The National Theatre Society produced poetic drama and the countryman was peacefully building up a rural civilization and social order by means of co-operative societies.

Only those wise folk who know that action and re-action are equal and opposite, could have foretold that the pendulum was bound to swing back from dream to action, and remote as was the dream, so would be the incredible daring of the adventure in reality. In that period of brooding Ireland was finding its way back to its ancestral self. Its poetry was becoming more and more lit by gleams from Ildathach, the many-coloured land. Even in the technique of the verse the influence, conscious or unconscious, of the Gaelic metres, was becoming apparent. William Larmine, who had written on Gaelic prosody, told the present writer he could have illustrated the Gaelic metrical system almost as well from the poetry of Yeats and A. E., as by quotations from Gaelic, though neither of these were Gaelic scholars. Synge, Lady Gregory, and later on, Stephens, began to write an English in which the construction of the sentences was often really Gaelic.

It is impossible for anybody to remain standing on tiptoe, says Laotze, the Chinese sage, and just at the time Yeats believed a spiritual tradition had been created in Anglo-Irish literature, the reaction to objectivity began in Synge, Colm and later in Stephens. These could dream, but their dreams were acquiring the solidity of flesh and blood, and were not the beautiful shadows as of creatures come to earth out of the Country of the Young with which Yeats had populated the Irish imagination. No doubt if literature is the shadow of life, this growing solidity and realism in poetry and drama indicates a change in the national mood; and that change, once it began, brought Ireland rapidly from its achievement of spiritual independence to a fierce struggle for economic and political freedom. The Chinese sage already quoted said, "To see things in the germ, this I call intelligence," and we might speculate whether the imprisonment of Standish O'Grady, Yeats, Hyde, A. E., Lady Gregory, and other pioneers of the Gaelic mood in Anglo-Irish literature, once they showed tendencies to revert to ancestor worship, might not have made it unnecessary to have five thousand young Irishmen in prison to-day.

In the Anthology, 'Irish Poets of To-Day,' compiled by Mrs. Walters, it would need a profound clairvoyance to discern the germs of revolution. Yeats is here, inviting us to the lake island

of Innisfree. A. E. in some revulsion of feeling from his agricultural labours, cries out, " 'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit the plough." Thomas Boyd searches for the Leanan Sidhe. Padraic Colm, in one of the liveliest lyrics, of earth not of faery, hushes his world to sleep in a Cradle Song to a silence in which even a faery footfall might be heard.

" O men from the fields !
Come softly within.
Tread softly, softly,
O men coming in.

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue.

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half door.

O men from the fields !
Soft, softly come thro' !
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue."

James Stephens, the poet of reality, in his first volume, is here with a no less lively lyric in which the big heart of childhood seems bursting with pity over a rabbit in a snare, and the whole cavalcade of poets seems to be travelling to the Golden Age. From all that we have come in half-a-dozen years to battle, murder and sudden death; the strings of the harp are broken, or their sound cannot be heard because of the roar of bomb or machine-gun. How much of all that dream went into the insurrection, how much of all that poetry comforts the hearts of the outlawed members of the Republican Army, trysting among the mountains and rocks, and in the starry nights, we may know perhaps when some of them later write their memories.

That there is a connection is certain. We know that Padraic Pearse made his soul out of the epic tales. MacDonagh Plunkett and other poets were with him in the rising of Easter week. It is probable that poetry is being born somewhere in the stillness of the night when the Republican soldier looks up at the stars, or hears the rabbit rustle in the fern, a reaction which will lead him back from the physical to the spiritual once more, and so far as he risked the body, so high later may be the adventure of the soul.

We have indulged in a speculation over Anglo-Irish poetry, aroused by the Anthology—over the relation of dream to action—rather than appraised the choice of the anthologist. The choice is but rarely the choice the present writer would have made. An anthology with poetry of far higher quality could have been compiled, but it could only be made by one who had read the pages of the many little-read journals which appear and disappear, as something in them offends the political eye and leads to their suppression, or when the long suffering printer feels he cannot continue longer without payment of his account. Alice Milligan, one of the best of living Irish poets, is not represented at all, and Katherine Tynan, who has perhaps written too many verses, but many which are of exquisite quality, is not given at her best. It is a personal choice of the anthologist.

There has not yet been compiled a really good anthology of Anglo-Irish poetry. But when a

garland of the best is compiled, it will astonish many lovers of poetry and will be cherished as many cherish 'The Golden Treasury.' Nothing should go into such an anthology which might not have gone into that best of treasures, and while the book would have fewer pages it could be set without fear upon the same shelf.

BYRON AND HIS SISTER.

Astarte. By Raph, Earl of Lovelace. New edition, with many additional letters. Edited by Mary, Countess of Lovelace. Christopher. 18s. net.

FOR over a hundred years the world has taken a keen interest in the matrimonial and amatory affairs of Byron. Interest to a certain extent was—and is—expressed in the similar adventures of Shelley; in Keats's relations with Fanny Brawne; in the unhappy marriages of Bulwer Lytton with Rosina Wheeler and of George Meredith with the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock. But the attention devoted to these and similar cases is far transcended by the notoriety and publicity that have ever attended what should have been the private aspects of Byron's life. His grandson, the late Lord Lovelace, was justified in the protest he made against the excessive number of publications concerned with the poet's sexual life. He said:—

" It has been more and more ignored that Lord Byron's own descendants have some feelings or even rights in connection with the affairs of their own family. They cannot regard their concerns as a provision or a playground for press and public, publicists and publishers. There is an extreme point for personalities and misrepresentations, whether laudatory, condemnatory, or predatory. The time comes at last when some measure of truth preservation is forced upon the victims."

It was in view of these unauthorised and unwanted activities, more or less literary, that Lord Lovelace was constrained to publish sixteen years ago, his remarkable book 'Astarte,' which is now reissued, in a more accessible form, with new matter and letters, under the editorship of his widow Mary, Countess of Lovelace. The title of the work is derived from the spirit Astarte in Byron's drama of 'Manfred'—a story of incest and remorse. And it was with the charge of incest against Byron that his grandson had to deal and, unfortunately, in the interests of Lady Byron, prove.

When, in 1816, English Society was startled by the separation of the much-discussed poet from his young wife after only a year of marriage, it was whispered that the cause was Byron's incestuous relationship with his own half-sister, Augusta Leigh, a married woman four years his senior. Their amour is supposed to have begun in 1813, when the poet was twenty-five years old. In the following year, with his characteristic delight in outraging public opinion and acting in a perverse manner, Byron spoke openly in society of indulging in a love affair within the prohibited degree. He would say: " Oh ! I never knew what it was before. There is a woman I love so passionately—she is with child by me, and if a daughter, it shall be called Medora." And at a party at Holland House he advanced the most startling theories concerning the fitting relationship between brothers and sisters. Attention was naturally directed to

Mrs. Leigh, the only sister of Byron, and further confirmation of suspicion was discovered in the recent poem of 'The Bride of Abydos.'

In June, 1813, Mrs. Leigh came on a prolonged visit to Byron, and their child, duly named Elizabeth Medora, was born on April 15th, 1814.

In January, 1815, Byron married Anne Isabella Milbanke, and his daughter by her, Ada Augusta (subsequently Countess of Lovelace) was born in December of the same year. Lady Byron, very curiously, invited Mrs. Leigh to come on a visit to 13, Piccadilly Terrace, during her confinement, although she afterwards stated that from a very early period of her marriage her suspicions were aroused as to the real relationship that had existed between her husband and his sister. Even when her fears were confirmed, and she left Byron for ever in January, 1816, whilst Mrs. Leigh remained for two months longer, and alone, with her brother, some degree of affection still existed between the two women and lasted to the end of life.

Rumour was naturally clamant for confirmation of its theory concerning Lady Byron's sudden flight from husband and home, but the injured wife would never make any public statement, though from the outset she began to collect the evidence for proving her case. She conducted an affectionate correspondence with Mrs. Leigh by means of which she gradually extracted from that erring lady a confession of guilt in September, 1816. She further persuaded Mrs. Leigh to send on to her Byron's love letters, which he was writing from abroad in ignorance that they also were read by his wife.

Lady Byron was an inscrutable character, an implacable nature which loved domination, while at the same time she possessed all the Stoic's power of enduring suffering without noisy complaint. She was one of those hard, good women who seek the spiritual salvation of those who have injured them. Nevertheless she bided her time and planned her revenge, submitting to public obloquy and misrepresentation for over forty years—for there was a general impression that it was Lady Byron who by her incompatibility and temper had wrecked the poet's marriage, and driven him abroad to seek solace in sexual excesses in Venice and an early death in Greece.

Byron died in 1824, and Mrs. Leigh in 1851. Lady Byron survived until 1860, and she left directions for her papers dealing with her marriage and separation to be made public in 1880. But during her life-time she had related the facts by word of mouth to certain friends. One of these was Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who amazed the reading world in 1869 by her article entitled 'The True Story of Lady Byron's Life,' which was published simultaneously in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Macmillan's Magazine*. It was by no means "the true story," but a furious controversy was aroused among the partisans of the ancient contention of 1816. The friends of Mrs. Leigh engaged Abraham Hayward to present her side of the case in the *Quarterly Review*. One of the best and fairest examinations of the baffling mystery appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW, in a series of articles from September 4th to December 25th, 1869. They were written by the Rev. William Scott, one of the original founders of the SATURDAY; but he, like everyone else, was unable to explain how Lady Byron, believing her sister-in-law guilty of incest, could at the same time continue on affectionate

terms with her—except on the hypothesis that Lady Byron was a morbidly virtuous subject, who was prepared to go to any extreme to save a lost soul.

Such were the tangled and unpleasant problems that Lord Lovelace felt it to be his peculiar duty to solve and explain in 'Astarte.' He had been brought up by his grandmother, but even he was unable to interpret satisfactorily the influences which inspired Lady Byron's strange mind to action. He very fairly admits the faults and curiosities of her nature, but he cannot unravel the complex motives of her brain.

The author was quite successful in proving the painful fact that Byron was guilty of incest. The poet's letters to his sister cannot be controverted, especially that passionate epistle of May 17th, 1819, wherein he says: "I have never ceased, nor can cease, to feel for a moment that perfect and boundless attachment which bound and binds me to you—which renders me utterly incapable of *real* love for any other human being—for what could they be to me after *you*? My own . . . we may have been very wrong—but I repent of nothing except that cursed marriage and your refusing to continue to love me as you had loved me. . . It is heartbreaking to think of our long separation—and I am sure more than punishment enough for all our sins. . . They say absence destroys weak passions and confirms strong ones—alas! mine for you is the union of all passions and of all affections."

Unfortunately this book is not well arranged, or use made in the right place of the valuable new letters it contains. The whole work is over-weighted with too many footnotes, many of them unnecessary, and there is no index. Nevertheless, it is a very interesting and curious contribution to the roll of biography, and essential for a true understanding of Byron's mysterious and sex-ridden life.

ATHANASIA CONTRA MUNDUM.

Streaks of Life. By Ethel Smyth. Longmans.
10s. 6d. net.

DR. SMYTH is one of the doughtiest fighters in a cause that is not yet won; the right of women who can do a job well to do it. Doubtless, the opposition is not so widespread as she imagines, but the combatant finding his way blocked by sufficient enemies may be excused for over-estimating their numbers; even the *mundus* of Athanasius was only some three hundred odd bishops. But there is one thing to say of Miss Smyth; she does her job well. Her reminiscences are told in just the right way; they are interesting in themselves, and illuminating in the view they give us of such personages as the Empress Eugénie and the Court circle at Berlin before the war. As for 'An Adventure in a Train,' it is incredibly true, much too good to have happened to any one who could appreciate it. We will not spoil the enjoyment of a reader of this book by a single quotation; it is a book to buy and delight in; but as a mere man, the present writer would demur to the charge that the root of the matter which keeps capable women out of employment is selfishness and fear. The entry of women to work beside men means a wholesale revision of customs and manners which may be good in itself, but is extremely disturbing to the conservative frame of mind, and this obstacle will take a generation to pass away. What Dr. Smyth has to

say about the position of English music as seen from the musician's point of view is true of nearly every fine art in this country from the artist's standpoint, though opera is peculiarly a sufferer from the expensive nature of the machinery necessary for its production. There is so small a market for bad opera that a good one cannot be smuggled in, while a few successful third-rate books give a chance for a first-rate one now and then, and the habit of buying bad pictures can be switched off into better channels. Still, to quote Miss Smyth—and others, "Are we Downhearted? No."

ATMOSPHERE.

The Brimming Cup. By Dorothy Canfield. Jonathan Cape. 8s. 6d.

HERE is a movement at present in favour of a type of novel of which the title is subtly significant of everything that has ever happened to everybody. 'The Swing of the Pendulum,' 'Double Circle,' 'Cross Currents,' 'Flies on the Ceiling,' and so on. At first sight, it would seem that 'The Brimming Cup' belonged to this category; a belief borne out by an opening chapter, terrible in its priggishness, and still more terrible in its reminder that thus, in exultant moral uplift, we have each expressed ourselves at least once in our lives. But the rest of the book, of which the action takes place in Vermont, reacts to the swift improvement which can be observed in most American writers directly they leave Rome alone, and becomes suddenly human and beautiful.

Miss Canfield's special gift is for atmosphere and character, the latter displayed in full by her original device of taking shelter first with one point of view and then with another. Events are variously shown through the eyes of the child Elly, who says wistful things in italics about the Holy Ghost, but is redeemed by her greed for cookies; and through the dimmed, quixotic gaze of old Mr. Welles, who has worked in cities all his life, and, coming at last to rest and peace and a garden, is driven forth again to knight-errantry in the Southern States because he cannot bear the thought that negro doctors are hailed familiarly as Andy and Jo, instead of being given the respectful title due to them. The author is equally successful in getting into the skin of Nelly Powers, a farmer's wife, grand and slow and stupid—an excellent example of the still waters that do not run deep; and, contrastingly, into the well-massaged skin of Eugenia, over-civilized, hyperdainty, complacent, and most desolately unhappy. The book is genuinely a first-class achievement.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

The *London Mercury* for July continues Mr. Yeats's reminiscences. He gives a very striking and mainly correct impression of William Morris as he was in the years before 1890, though we should question the accuracy of his memory in one or two of the observations he records. An interesting paper exhibits Chaucer as a critic of Dante in the lines he copied. Mr. Figgis is flippant "On not seeing Swinburne." His writing does not leave the impression of a parody of Max, but of an unfortunate imitation. Mr. Forster reviews the Easterly work of Mr. Pickthall and the authors of 'Goha le Simple.' He is, very properly, scornful of Loti as a source of light on anything but himself. Mr. Strachey has a poem in which "the silent trees in con-

course stand," and Mr. Dearmer hears the East a-calling through the lives of London telephone girls and the like. Mr. Newdigate has some sensible remarks on German typography. The letters from Germany and Italy are good, and that on the Low Countries informative, while the *Chronicles on Architecture, Art, Science* are the best of the set. The editorial notes put forward the claims of the Royal Literary Fund to generous support, claims which we heartily endorse.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling on the 18th and 19th instant an assorted collection of fine books. Mr. Bumpus's library includes sets of Hardy, Jefferies, Kingsley, Scott, Stevenson, Thackeray, all nicely bound, and a choice selection of Eragny and Vale Press books. A set of first editions of Lever, uniformly bound, is interesting, and a set of 99 first editions of Dickens and Dickensiana will be offered in a single lot before dispersal. The second day's sale contains some rare Americana, a series of heraldic manuscripts on vellum drawn up for Queen Elizabeth, some volumes of tracts, and some illustrated books. An extensive set of early Army Lists will attract one class of genealogists, while purchasers of early printed books will find at the end of the sale a good supply of incunabula, and a large quantity of manuscripts, most of them Italian, 15th century, but including an English Psalter from the library of William Morris, and a French 14th century Bible.

This Side of Paradise, by F. S. Fitzgerald (Collins, 7s. 6d. net), is the history of the adolescence and early manhood of Amory Blaine, Princeton graduate, egotist, and personage. We do not wonder that this book should be a success in America; it is well written, and attacks many of the questions which are disturbing people's minds there. But we must protest against the introduction of cross headings designed to point out the intention of each new episode. Our author is not so subtle as that implies, and readers of understanding are apt to be annoyed at such helps to their intelligence. We recommend the book as a rather important study of one side of American life.

The Divine Adventure, by Theodore Maynard (Macdonald, 7s. 6d. net), is a story depicting the evolution of a Dissenter into a Roman Catholic. The most interesting part of it is the description of life in a Franciscan convent, and the experiences of a novice who is ultimately rejected. A well-written book.

Scouting on the Border and **The Pursuit of the Apache Chief** by E. T. Tomlinson (Appleton, 7s. each net), are two tales of frontier fighting in Arizona and New Mexico, not quite so good as the best Hentys, and a great deal better than his less successful ones. The scenery and descriptions will interest English boys, and the fighting and scouting are quite good.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

- Architectural Heresies of a Painter. By Roger Fry. Chatto & Windus : 2s. net.
 Mathew Leishman of Govan, and the Middle Party of 1843. By J. F. Leishman. Paisley. Alexander Gardner : 10s. 6d. net.
 Tophet and Eden: In Imitation of Dante's 'Inferno and Paradiso.' Translated from the Hebrew by Hermann Gollancz. University of London Press. Hodder & Stoughton : 10s. 6d. net.

SOCIOLOGY AND SCIENCE.

- Allied Shipping Control. By J. A. Salter. Oxford University Press : 10s. 6d. net.
 House Property and its Management. Some Papers on the Methods of Management. Introduced by Miss Octavia Hill. Allen & Unwin : 3s. 6d. net.
 Is America Worth Saving? By Nicholas M. Butler. Fisher Unwin : 10s. 6d. net.
 Psycho-analysis and Sociology. By Aurel Kolnai. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Allen & Unwin : 7s. 6d. net.
 The Beloved Ego. Foundations of the New Study of the Psyche. By Dr. Stekel. Kegan Paul : 6s. 6d. net.
 The Call to Liberalism. By C. Sheridan Jones. Simpkin : 2s. 6d. net.
 The Economics of Reparation. By J. A. Hobson. Allen & Unwin : 1s. net.

VERSE.

- Boaz and Ruth and Other Poems. By A. J. Young. John G. Wilson : 2s. net.
 Lovers of England. By Geoffrey F. Monckton. Vickery Kyre : 2s. 6d. net.
 Perspective Poems. By C. Neville Brand. John G. Wilson : 3s. 6d. net.

- Poems. By John Haines. Selwyn & Blount. 3s. 6d. net.
 Selections from Modern Poets made by J. C. Squire. Secker : 6s. net.
 Weeping Cross and Other Rhymes. By A. H. Bullen. Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.

FICTION.

- A Close Finish. By J. Crawford Fraser. Hurst & Blackett : 8s. 6d. net.
 Alaska Man's Luck. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. Fisher Unwin : 7s. 6d. net.
 Passing By. By Maurice Baring. Secker : 7s. 6d. net.
 Temptations. By David Pinski. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Heretic. By J. Mills Whitham. Allen & Unwin : 8s. 6d. net.
 The Swing of the Pendulum. By Adriana Spadoni. Hutchinson : 8s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Chief Men Among the Brethren. By H. Pickering. Pickering & Inglis : 3s. 6d. net.
 Christian Moral Principles. By Bishop Gore. Mowbray : 4s. net.
 Foster on Auction. By R. F. Foster. Third edition. De La Rue : 7s. 6d. net.
 Other People's Money. By "A Trustee." Mills & Boon : 2s. 6d. net.
 Sport in a Nutshell. By C. E. Hughes and Fred Buchanan. Jarrolds : 1s. 6d. net.
 The Eton College Chronicle. 1753—1790. By R. A. Austen-Leigh. Eton. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne : 30s. net.
 Three Accounts of Peterloo. By Eye Witnesses : Bishop Stanley, Lord Hylton, John Benjamin Smith. Longmans : 6s. net.



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THE CITY

This Department of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will shortly come under the charge of Mr. Hartley Withers, at present Editor of 'The Economist.'

Unlimited Borrowing.

THE City is still seeking for the reasons that prompted the Treasury to resume unlimited borrowing on terms involving a charge on the nation of nearly 6%, but can find no adequate excuse, except the dire necessity created by the falsification of the Budget estimates. The policy involved by this high interest borrowing is the more mysterious, in that, a few months back, an ambitious attempt was made to bring down the rate of interest on British Government loans to 3½%. It was undoubtedly hoped that the Conversion Loan bearing that rate would gradually rise to par, thus rendering possible the conversion of other floating debt on much more favourable terms. Any such hope must now be dropped, and we are back at the worst financial phase of the war, when 6% Exchequer bonds were issued as an emergency measure, but were withdrawn on the earliest opportunity.

Lower Interest Basis.

If any progress is to be made towards reducing the annual charge of the National Debt, the tap of these expensive Treasury bonds must be turned off as soon as possible, and a fresh effort made to produce a comprehensive scheme, consolidating the whole of the war debt on a lower interest basis. As Dr. Macnamara recently pointed out, the interest of 350 millions sterling on the debt is the first charge on the nation's resources, and while it remains, there is no possibility of bringing the Budget figures within manageable proportions. There are only two possible ways of reducing this charge. The interest on British Government loans could be forcibly cut down, which would be equivalent to repudiation and is unthinkable. Or the Government, by economising in its other expenditure, could so improve British credit that its securities would appreciate, and render possible a fresh Conversion loan, involving a real saving in interest.

Market Outlook.

There is no doubt that, if there had been any public backing for markets, they would have gone considerably better during the past week. All the principal difficulties which have loomed so large on the horizon for months past have been swept away as if by magic. The truce in Ireland, and the proposed limitation of armaments, were bull points of the first magnitude, and there was also the prospect of cheaper money to cheer up the investment group. Add to these points the growing probability of a trade revival, and the fact that labour is reconciling itself to the inevitable downward adjustment of wages, and we have a situation which may easily lead to pronounced activity on the Stock Exchange. Seeing that the total deposits in the nine big banks, apart from the Bank of England, exceed 1,750 millions, there must be a good deal of capital to be tempted out by a lower Bank rate. If all goes well, the end of the holiday season should coincide with the end of the long spell of stagnation. Possibly the revival may come still earlier.

Exchanges and Bank Rate.

The appreciation in the exchange value of the dollar or rather the depreciation of sterling in the United States, has been a depressing feature of the exchanges during the past week. On the other hand, the value of the mark has shown a tendency to appreciate, the initiative here coming mainly from the Continent. By far the most important factor on the exchange horizon remains the payment by Germany of indemnity instalments under the Reparation agreement. As regards the Bank rate, a battle royal is evidently going on between the Bank of England and the Treasury, as to the advisability of a further reduction. The dear money party point with a certain amount of satisfaction to the decline in the value of sterling, coincident with the last reduction in the official minimum, as an argument in favour of "no change." But there is not necessarily any relation between the two. From the point of view both of trade requirements and Government indebtedness, it is most desirable that money should be obtainable on easier terms at the earliest possible moment.

Stock Market Features.

One of the brightest features of the Stock Markets is the good demand for the scrips of recent new loans. The Colonials have benefited especially from the understanding that there is to be a "close time" for such issues. British Government securities are overshadowed by the Treasury bond issue and make little headway. Home Railways ignore the coming dividend declarations, and despite the evidence of more energy in competing with road traffic, the outlook after de-control causes some anxiety. The remarkable rise in the Japanese 4½% loans, following upon the appreciation of the dollar, calls for mention. Chinese Customs bonds remain popular with investors. Norway scrip has rallied to par and the French and German loans reflect the recovery in francs and marks respectively. In other directions, Industrial issues have kept very steady, holding their own without developing any feature of particular interest. Among Mining shares Kaffirs have been responsive to the rise in gold following the movement in the dollar exchange already mentioned. Rubber shares have improved appreciably with the advance in the price of the raw commodity, a moderate demand in a market but ill supplied with shares helping the movement. The Oil Market has remained merely steady in the absence of any further tax development. Argentine Rails have evinced a sagging tendency as a result of investment apathy and indifferent traffic.

President Harding and the Oil Tax.

President Harding's disapproval of the new import tax on oil entering the United States, as "contrary to his foreign policy," protects that country from itself. Such a declaration from the Chief Executive must necessarily end in the abandonment of the project. The President, in his letter to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, points out that this policy is actuated by a "growing concern" over the supply of crude oil to which America may turn for future needs, not alone for domestic commerce, but for the Navy and merchant marine.

America's Needs.

The dimensions of present oil imports into the United States are a guide to her prospective "needs" in that respect. Notwithstanding the enormous production of her own fields the current calendar year is estimated to show oil imports of about 6,000,000,000 gallons, or just twice the quantity imported in 1919, and a quintupled increase on 1917. Prior to 1912 the importations totalled less than 10,000,000 gallons per annum; in 1912 they soared to 150,000,000, and in 1913 to 500,000,000 gallons of crude oil, with yearly increases thereafter to beyond the 1,000,000,000 gallon mark in 1917. These figures apply only to the crude oil as taken from the ground; meantime, however, there has been a proportionate growth in importation of manufactured oil products. In 1919 the total quantity of refined petroleum, in all forms, entering the United States amounted to 47,000,000 gallons; last month, which closed the fiscal year, these imports were returned at 125,000,000 gallons. It will thus be seen that President Harding is well justified in describing his country's oil needs as something of "growing concern."

The Rivalry with Mexico.

The President's attitude towards the oil imposts in the new Tariff measure is ostensibly, and professedly, dictated by high policy of general application. But it also serves the very practical and immediate purpose of restraining American oil interests from playing into the hands of Mexico, whose challenge for a still higher place as a source of world-supply of both crude oil and refined products grows year by year more menacing to her neighbour on the North. Whatever the immediate check to Mexican expansion owing to increased taxation on oil products, a situation further aggravated by reprisals on the United States side, the latter country has nothing to gain, ultimately, but much to lose, should it run counter to its Government's declared policy. The overwhelming bulk of America's oil imports come, of course, from Mexico. Of the crude oil available, 4,791,000,000 gallons came from that source, and less than a half million gallons from all other countries. Up to now Mexico has moved her oil, in ever increasing quantities, to the United States, the nearest trade centre in which it could be put in marketable form, and thence distributed to the consuming world, but events would appear to be shaping themselves auspiciously for Mexico, providing she discovers statesmanship commensurate with the opportunities they offer.

Oil Market Notes.

A considerable volume of business sprang up, probably due to the statement that President Harding would veto the proposed taxes on imports of oil into the States.—Royal Dutch have been buyers from Amsterdam, where the commercial position is much better. Shell Ordinary at the ex divided price have attracted buyers.—Mexican Eagle Oil shares improved.—Mexican Petroleum have had some bad shocks in New York, and seem to be the favourite stock for the bears to gamble in at present.

The Trinidad group turned slightly harder, especially Trinidad Central.—The British Controlled were reported in the market to have brought in a good well at a shallow depth. The Burmah

Oil 8% New Preference issue was a great success. It was subscribed for about three times over, and as soon as the market opened, there was a large business in them from 1s. to 1s. 9d. premium. They ended 21s. 9d. for the fully paid, at which price they yield 7½%, which is covered by earnings nearly 15 times.—British Controlled which were lower on the distribution of some shares that had been tied up in Syndicates, were dealt in very freely and selling stopped at the end of the week. Developments seem to be better each week from both Venezuela and Trinidad.—Apex Trinidad should look up again shortly, as the enforced restriction of their output will be removed to a certain extent on August 1st, when the Leaseholds Company will commence to take 5,000 tons a month from them. They are reported to net about £3 10s. per ton profit on this, which on their small capital gives a considerable return.

Gold and Diamonds.

Prices in the Gold Share market have been moved upwards on the rise in the currency price of gold, which rests on the New York exchange value of sterling. The movement was not expected until later in the month, when grain and cotton bills usually come forward, but a "hold up" in American wheat is said to have collapsed, which, in conjunction with the coal shipments from the United States to Europe, probably brought about an earlier demand than had been anticipated for dollar currency. How far the upward movement in gold may go, depends to a very considerable extent upon how our export trade expands during the next month or two. The public is not buying mining shares yet to any observable extent, although the general prospects are undoubtedly good for a capital appreciation. It would be wise in the present condition of the market to stick to the dividend payers or principal holding shares. Diamond shares have been firmish, Amsterdam announcing the arrival of American buyers of the stones. There has been very little movement in base metal shares, present prices for metals showing little or no profit, while it is known that most producers have large stocks in hand still to be digested. Prices, however, are generally at such a low level that it would take very little favourable news to bring about a general hardening of quotations. Investors with a little patience might do considerably worse with their spare cash than buy some of the principal stocks in the mining market.

Tanganyika Concessions.

The directors of the Arizona Copper Company are said to be thinking of selling the mine and plant to an American Company, although it is by no means clear whether they have received a definite offer, or are simply trying to pick up the threads of the tentative proposals made to them last year. The company has been badly hit by the low price of copper and the fiscal policy of the United States; and if a deal can be brought off, it would be the best thing that could happen to the shareholders. The Board of the Tanganyika Concessions is strangely silent with regard to the proposed increase of capital by the Union Minière, the annual meeting of which was held in Brussels this week. Tanganyika Concessions was floated in 1899 by Mr. Robert Williams, an engineer once in the employ of Cecil Rhodes, to work an ancient

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gold and copper property in north west Rhodesia, but he subsequently moved its activities across the Belgian border, where a large concession was obtained in the Katanga district of the Belgian Congo. The Belgian Authorities drove a keen bargain, for Williams had to do all the hard work, and get 40 per cent. of the profits, the remaining 60 per cent. going to the Special Belgian Commission. To regulate the percentages, a Belgian Company was formed, called the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, which held the concession, and in which the Tanganyika Concessions got 39.2 per cent. of the shares. The area has been proved to be very rich in all kinds of minerals, extensive deposits having been found of copper, tin, cobalt, coal, and even diamonds, in spite of which the shareholders of the English Company had to be content to see profits go into development expenses and extensions to plant, their assets at one time even having to be mortgaged to keep things going. During the war all the copper that could be produced was taken by the Allies at a price which showed a handsome profit, and advantage was taken of the opportunity to redeem the debentures and other debts by the issue of new shares, which were underwritten by the National Mining Corporation.

The Union Minière.

The value of the property having been proved, the Belgians are now as anxious to put up capital as previously they were for others to take the risk. It is now proposed to increase the capital of the Union Minière by some 311,000,000 francs, by the issue of 11,000,000 in ordinary shares of 100 francs each at a premium of 600 francs, or thereabouts, and by the issue of 150,000,000 francs in 6% preference shares, also entitled to 25 per cent. of the profit after 1928, and 150,000,000 francs in 6% preference shares entitled to no participation in profits. The Tanganyika company, in order to maintain its interest at 40 per cent., will have to find a lot more money, and how it is to do so is not by any means clear, since its present capital is £2,200,000, and the Belgian proposals are not free from considerable risk. Last year 18,962 tons of copper were produced, and assuming that the whole of the profit shown in the accounts was got from copper, the gross revenue represents £16 2s. per ton, on an average selling price of £101 per ton, while copper is now only about £70 per ton. It is true that the Chairman of the Belgian Company stated that the present price of the metal covers the costs of production, general expenses, and financial charges, but unless the metal goes back to £100 per ton, where is the profit to come from to pay the increased charges? No dividend was paid by either Company for last year.

Raw Cotton More Active.

Our Lancashire correspondent writes:—The increased activity in the cotton trade is being maintained. The recent freer buying in piece goods, especially for India, is being reflected in the raw cotton markets. On Monday last the spot sales in Liverpool were 12,000 bales, and on Tuesday 15,000 bales. For such big figures we have to go back to November, 1919, when the boom was at its height. Prices hardened at the beginning of the week, but late on Tuesday there was profit-taking by operators and by some the advance was lost. The trade position is distinctly better, but there are

weak holders of the raw material, especially in the Southern States of America. A critical time for the year 1921-22 crop is now being experienced, and prices during the next week or two are likely to fluctuate according to weather advices from the belt.

Increased Employment for Weavers.

The larger business recently done in cotton cloths is resulting in increased employment for weavers in North and North-East Lancashire. The number of unemployed registered at the Labour Exchanges is decreasing, especially in Blackburn and Preston. The operatives have now settled down to the new scale of wages and they are looking forward to earning more money in the near future than during the past half-year, as a result of working longer hours. There seems to be a possibility of the Master Spinners' abolishing the organised short time scheme which has been in operation since the end of last year.

Cotton Mill Dividends.

More particulars are now available of cotton mill dividends declared at the end of June. A summary of the reports issued by 100 companies shows that 57 concerns were unable to make any distribution to ordinary shareholders. The 76 mills that took stock for three months' working have paid an average dividend of nearly 5 per cent. against over 7 per cent. per annum for the previous quarter. With regard to the 24 mills that balanced their books for the half-year the average dividend is 7½ per cent. per annum, which compares with 22½ per cent. per annum paid at the end of last December. The hardening tendency in share prices continues and brokers report a larger demand from the public.

Preference Dividends Passed.

The important losses entailed during the past twelve months by cotton cloth merchant houses are reflected by two leading textile firms not paying the preference dividend just due. With regard to Messrs. Probst Hanbury & Company, the company was only floated about twelve months ago and their chief connections are in China. The other firm is Messrs. Schill Brothers, who are old-established and have done well in past years. The big fall in values since last summer has undoubtedly been a very serious matter for shippers and merchants.

Rubber Market.

The market in crude rubber is beginning to show signs of nervousness. Speculators who sold for forward delivery in the expectation of buying back more cheaply before being called upon to hand over the rubber are not altogether happy over the outlook. It looks as though stocks of the commodity have already reached their highest point, and as there is every prospect of the supply being cut down by 50%, it is no longer safe to bank on a further fall in price. Moreover, the actual consumer will now want to be replenishing his stocks since he can no longer rely on the price remaining depressed through the slack trade demand and the pressure of surplus supplies. Another factor is the prospective formation of a £2,200,000 Corporation of producers to control the production and sale of rubber.

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ATMOSPHERE.

The Brimming Cup. By Dorothy Canfield. Jonathan Cape. 8s. 6d.

HERE is a movement at present in favour of a type of novel of which the title is subtly significant of everything that has ever happened to everybody. 'The Swing of the Pendulum,' 'Double Circle,' 'Cross Currents,' 'Flies on the Ceiling,' and so on. At first sight, it would seem that 'The Brimming Cup' belonged to this category; a belief borne out by an opening chapter, terrible in its priggishness, and still more terrible in its reminder that thus, in exultant moral uplift, we have each expressed ourselves at least once in our lives. But the rest of the book, of which the action takes place in Vermont, reacts to the swift improvement which can be observed in most American writers directly they leave Rome alone, and becomes suddenly human and beautiful.

Miss Canfield's special gift is for atmosphere and character, the latter displayed in full by her original device of taking shelter first with one point of view and then with another. Events are variously shown through the eyes of the child Elly, who says wistful things in italics about the Holy Ghost, but is redeemed by her greed for cookies; and through the dimmed, quixotic gaze of old Mr. Welles, who has worked in cities all his life, and, coming at last to rest and peace and a garden, is driven forth again to knight-errantry in the Southern States because he cannot bear the thought that negro doctors are hailed familiarly as Andy and Jo, instead of being given the respectful title due to them. The author is equally successful in getting into the skin of Nelly Powers, a farmer's wife, grand and slow and stupid—an excellent example of the still waters that do not run deep; and, contrastingly, into the well-massaged skin of Eugenia, over-civilized, hyperdainty, complacent, and most desolately unhappy. The book is genuinely a first-class achievement.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

The London *Mercury* for July continues Mr. Yeats's reminiscences. He gives a very striking and mainly correct impression of William Morris as he was in the years before 1890, though we should question the accuracy of his memory in one or two of the observations he records. An interesting paper exhibits Chaucer as a critic of Dante in the lines he copied. Mr. Figgis is flippant "On not seeing Swinburne." His writing does not leave the impression of a parody of Max, but of an unfortunate imitation. Mr. Forster reviews the Eastern work of Mr. Pickthall and the authors of 'Goha le Simple.' He is, very properly, scornful of Loti as a source of light on anything but himself. Mr. Strachey has a poem in which "the silent trees in con-

course stand," and Mr. Dearmer hears the East a-calling through the lives of London telephone girls and the like. Mr. Newdigate has some sensible remarks on German typography. The letters from Germany and Italy are good, and that on the Low Countries informative, while the *Chronicles on Architecture, Art, Science* are the best of the set. The editorial notes put forward the claims of the Royal Literary Fund to generous support, claims which we heartily endorse.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling on the 18th and 19th instant an assorted collection of fine books. Mr. Bumpus's library includes sets of Hardy, Jefferies, Kingsley, Scott, Stevenson, Thackeray, all nicely bound, and a choice selection of Eragny and Vale Press books. A set of first editions of Lever, uniformly bound, is interesting, and a set of 99 first editions of Dickens and Dickensiana will be offered in a single lot before dispersal. The second day's sale contains some rare Americana, a series of heraldic manuscripts on vellum drawn up for Queen Elizabeth, some volumes of tracts, and some illustrated books. An extensive set of early Army Lists will attract one class of genealogists, while purchasers of early printed books will find at the end of the sale a good supply of incunabula, and a large quantity of manuscripts, most of them Italian, 15th century, but including an English Psalter from the library of William Morris, and a French 14th century Bible.

This Side of Paradise, by F. S. Fitzgerald (Collins, 7s. 6d. net), is the history of the adolescence and early manhood of Amory Blaine, Princeton graduate, egotist, and personage. We do not wonder that this book should be a success in America; it is well written, and attacks many of the questions which are disturbing people's minds there. But we must protest against the introduction of cross headings designed to point out the intention of each new episode. Our author is not so subtle as that implies, and readers of understanding are apt to be annoyed at such helps to their intelligence. We recommend the book as a rather important study of one side of American life.

The Divine Adventure, by Theodore Maynard (Macdonald, 7s. 6d. net), is a story depicting the evolution of a Dissenter into a Roman Catholic. The most interesting part of it is the description of life in a Franciscan convent, and the experiences of a novice who is ultimately rejected. A well-written book.

Scouting on the Border and **The Pursuit of the Apache Chief** by E. T. Tomlinson (Appleton, 7s. each net), are two tales of frontier fighting in Arizona and New Mexico, not quite so good as the best Henty's, and a great deal better than his less successful ones. The scenery and descriptions will interest English boys, and the fighting and scouting are quite good.

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THE CITY

This Department of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will shortly come under the charge of Mr. Hartley Withers, at present Editor of 'The Economist.'

Unlimited Borrowing.

THE City is still seeking for the reasons that prompted the Treasury to resume unlimited borrowing on terms involving a charge on the nation of nearly 6%, but can find no adequate excuse, except the dire necessity created by the falsification of the Budget estimates. The policy involved by this high interest borrowing is the more mysterious, in that, a few months back, an ambitious attempt was made to bring down the rate of interest on British Government loans to 3½%. It was undoubtedly hoped that the Conversion Loan bearing that rate would gradually rise to par, thus rendering possible the conversion of other floating debt on much more favourable terms. Any such hope must now be dropped, and we are back at the worst financial phase of the war, when 6% Exchequer bonds were issued as an emergency measure, but were withdrawn on the earliest opportunity.

Lower Interest Basis.

If any progress is to be made towards reducing the annual charge of the National Debt, the tap of these expensive Treasury bonds must be turned off as soon as possible, and a fresh effort made to produce a comprehensive scheme, consolidating the whole of the war debt on a lower interest basis. As Dr. Macnamara recently pointed out, the interest of 350 millions sterling on the debt is the first charge on the nation's resources, and while it remains, there is no possibility of bringing the Budget figures within manageable proportions. There are only two possible ways of reducing this charge. The interest on British Government loans could be forcibly cut down, which would be equivalent to repudiation and is unthinkable. Or the Government, by economising in its other expenditure, could so improve British credit that its securities would appreciate, and render possible a fresh Conversion loan, involving a real saving in interest.

Market Outlook.

There is no doubt that, if there had been any public backing for markets, they would have gone considerably better during the past week. All the principal difficulties which have loomed so large on the horizon for months past have been swept away as if by magic. The truce in Ireland, and the proposed limitation of armaments, were bull points of the first magnitude, and there was also the prospect of cheaper money to cheer up the investment group. Add to these points the growing probability of a trade revival, and the fact that labour is reconciling itself to the inevitable downward adjustment of wages, and we have a situation which may easily lead to pronounced activity on the Stock Exchange. Seeing that the total deposits in the nine big banks, apart from the Bank of England, exceed 1,750 millions, there must be a good deal of capital to be tempted out by a lower Bank rate. If all goes well, the end of the holiday season should coincide with the end of the long spell of stagnation. Possibly the revival may come still earlier.

Exchanges and Bank Rate.

The appreciation in the exchange value of the dollar or rather the depreciation of sterling in the United States, has been a depressing feature of the exchanges during the past week. On the other hand, the value of the mark has shown a tendency to appreciate, the initiative here coming mainly from the Continent. By far the most important factor on the exchange horizon remains the payment by Germany of indemnity instalments under the Reparation agreement. As regards the Bank rate, a battle royal is evidently going on between the Bank of England and the Treasury, as to the advisability of a further reduction. The dear money party point with a certain amount of satisfaction to the decline in the value of sterling, coincident with the last reduction in the official minimum, as an argument in favour of "no change." But there is not necessarily any relation between the two. From the point of view both of trade requirements and Government indebtedness, it is most desirable that money should be obtainable on easier terms at the earliest possible moment.

Stock Market Features.

One of the brightest features of the Stock Markets is the good demand for the scrips of recent new loans. The Colonials have benefited especially from the understanding that there is to be a "close time" for such issues. British Government securities are overshadowed by the Treasury bond issue and make little headway. Home Railways ignore the coming dividend declarations, and despite the evidence of more energy in competing with road traffic, the outlook after decontrol causes some anxiety. The remarkable rise in the Japanese 4½% loans, following upon the appreciation of the dollar, calls for mention. Chinese Customs bonds remain popular with investors. Norway scrip has rallied to par and the French and German loans reflect the recovery in francs and marks respectively. In other directions, Industrial issues have kept very steady, holding their own without developing any feature of particular interest. Among Mining shares Kaffirs have been responsive to the rise in gold following the movement in the dollar exchange already mentioned. Rubber shares have improved appreciably with the advance in the price of the raw commodity, a moderate demand in a market but ill supplied with shares helping the movement. The Oil Market has remained merely steady in the absence of any further tax development. Argentine Rails have evinced a sagging tendency as a result of investment apathy and indifferent traffic.

President Harding and the Oil Tax.

President Harding's disapproval of the new import tax on oil entering the United States, as "contrary to his foreign policy," protects that country from itself. Such a declaration from the Chief Executive must necessarily end in the abandonment of the project. The President, in his letter to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, points out that this policy is actuated by a "growing concern" over the supply of crude oil to which America may turn for future needs, not alone for domestic commerce, but for the Navy and merchant marine.

America's Needs.

The dimensions of present oil imports into the United States are a guide to her prospective "needs" in that respect. Notwithstanding the enormous production of her own fields the current calendar year is estimated to show oil imports of about 6,000,000,000 gallons, or just twice the quantity imported in 1919, and a quintupled increase on 1917. Prior to 1912 the importations totalled less than 10,000,000 gallons per annum; in 1912 they soared to 150,000,000, and in 1913 to 500,000,000 gallons of crude oil, with yearly increases thereafter to beyond the 1,000,000,000 gallon mark in 1917. These figures apply only to the crude oil as taken from the ground; meantime, however, there has been a proportionate growth in importation of manufactured oil products. In 1919 the total quantity of refined petroleum, in all forms, entering the United States amounted to 47,000,000 gallons; last month, which closed the fiscal year, these imports were returned at 125,000,000 gallons. It will thus be seen that President Harding is well justified in describing his country's oil needs as something of "growing concern."

The Rivalry with Mexico.

The President's attitude towards the oil imposts in the new Tariff measure is ostensibly, and professedly, dictated by high policy of general application. But it also serves the very practical and immediate purpose of restraining American oil interests from playing into the hands of Mexico, whose challenge for a still higher place as a source of world-supply of both crude oil and refined products grows year by year more menacing to her neighbour on the North. Whatever the immediate check to Mexican expansion owing to increased taxation on oil products, a situation further aggravated by reprisals on the United States side, the latter country has nothing to gain, ultimately, but much to lose, should it run counter to its Government's declared policy. The overwhelming bulk of America's oil imports come, of course, from Mexico. Of the crude oil available, 4,791,000,000 gallons came from that source, and less than a half million gallons from all other countries. Up to now Mexico has moved her oil, in ever increasing quantities, to the United States, the nearest trade centre in which it could be put in marketable form, and thence distributed to the consuming world, but events would appear to be shaping themselves auspiciously for Mexico, providing she discovers statesmanship commensurate with the opportunities they offer.

Oil Market Notes.

A considerable volume of business sprang up, probably due to the statement that President Harding would veto the proposed taxes on imports of oil into the States.—Royal Dutch have been buyers from Amsterdam, where the commercial position is much better. Shell Ordinary at the ex divided price have attracted buyers.—Mexican Eagle Oil shares improved.—Mexican Petroleum have had some bad shocks in New York, and seem to be the favourite stock for the bears to gamble in at present.

The Trinidad group turned slightly harder, especially Trinidad Central.—The British Controlled were reported in the market to have brought in a good well at a shallow depth. The Burmah

Oil 8% New Preference issue was a great success. It was subscribed for about three times over, and as soon as the market opened, there was a large business in them from 1s. to 1s. 9d. premium. They ended 21s. 9d. for the fully paid, at which price they yield 7½%, which is covered by earnings nearly 15 times.—British Controlled which were lower on the distribution of some shares that had been tied up in Syndicates, were dealt in very freely and selling stopped at the end of the week. Developments seem to be better each week from both Venezuela and Trinidad.—Apex Trinidad should look up again shortly, as the enforced restriction of their output will be removed to a certain extent on August 1st, when the Leaseholds Company will commence to take 5,000 tons a month from them. They are reported to net about £3 10s. per ton profit on this, which on their small capital gives a considerable return.

Gold and Diamonds.

Prices in the Gold Share market have been moved upwards on the rise in the currency price of gold, which rests on the New York exchange value of sterling. The movement was not expected until later in the month, when grain and cotton bills usually come forward, but a "hold up" in American wheat is said to have collapsed, which, in conjunction with the coal shipments from the United States to Europe, probably brought about an earlier demand than had been anticipated for dollar currency. How far the upward movement in gold may go, depends to a very considerable extent upon how our export trade expands during the next month or two. The public is not buying mining shares yet to any observable extent, although the general prospects are undoubtedly good for a capital appreciation. It would be wise in the present condition of the market to stick to the dividend payers or principal holding shares. Diamond shares have been firmish, Amsterdam announcing the arrival of American buyers of the stones. There has been very little movement in base metal shares, present prices for metals showing little or no profit, while it is known that most producers have large stocks in hand still to be digested. Prices, however, are generally at such a low level that it would take very little favourable news to bring about a general hardening of quotations. Investors with a little patience might do considerably worse with their spare cash than buy some of the principal stocks in the mining market.

Tanganyika Concessions.

The directors of the Arizona Copper Company are said to be thinking of selling the mine and plant to an American Company, although it is by no means clear whether they have received a definite offer, or are simply trying to pick up the threads of the tentative proposals made to them last year. The company has been badly hit by the low price of copper and the fiscal policy of the United States; and if a deal can be brought off, it would be the best thing that could happen to the shareholders. The Board of the Tanganyika Concessions is strangely silent with regard to the proposed increase of capital by the Union Minière, the annual meeting of which was held in Brussels this week. Tanganyika Concessions was floated in 1899 by Mr. Robert Williams, an engineer once in the employ of Cecil Rhodes, to work an ancient

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gold and copper property in north west Rhodesia, but he subsequently moved its activities across the Belgian border, where a large concession was obtained in the Katanga district of the Belgian Congo. The Belgian Authorities drove a keen bargain, for Williams had to do all the hard work, and get 40 per cent. of the profits, the remaining 60 per cent. going to the Special Belgian Commission. To regulate the percentages, a Belgian Company was formed, called the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, which held the concession, and in which the Tanganyika Concessions got 39.2 per cent. of the shares. The area has been proved to be very rich in all kinds of minerals, extensive deposits having been found of copper, tin, cobalt, coal, and even diamonds, in spite of which the shareholders of the English Company had to be content to see profits go into development expenses and extensions to plant, their assets at one time even having to be mortgaged to keep things going. During the war all the copper that could be produced was taken by the Allies at a price which showed a handsome profit, and advantage was taken of the opportunity to redeem the debentures and other debts by the issue of new shares, which were underwritten by the National Mining Corporation.

The Union Minière.

The value of the property having been proved, the Belgians are now as anxious to put up capital as previously they were for others to take the risk. It is now proposed to increase the capital of the Union Minière by some 311,000,000 francs, by the issue of 11,000,000 in ordinary shares of 100 francs each at a premium of 600 francs, or thereabouts, and by the issue of 150,000,000 francs in 6% preference shares, also entitled to 25 per cent. of the profit after 1928, and 150,000,000 francs in 6% preference shares entitled to no participation in profits. The Tanganyika company, in order to maintain its interest at 40 per cent., will have to find a lot more money, and how it is to do so is not by any means clear, since its present capital is £2,200,000, and the Belgian proposals are not free from considerable risk. Last year 18,962 tons of copper were produced, and assuming that the whole of the profit shown in the accounts was got from copper, the gross revenue represents £16 2s. per ton, on an average selling price of £101 per ton, while copper is now only about £70 per ton. It is true that the Chairman of the Belgian Company stated that the present price of the metal covers the costs of production, general expenses, and financial charges, but unless the metal goes back to £100 per ton, where is the profit to come from to pay the increased charges? No dividend was paid by either Company for last year.

Raw Cotton More Active.

Our Lancashire correspondent writes:—The increased activity in the cotton trade is being maintained. The recent freer buying in piece goods, especially for India, is being reflected in the raw cotton markets. On Monday last the spot sales in Liverpool were 12,000 bales, and on Tuesday 15,000 bales. For such big figures we have to go back to November, 1919, when the boom was at its height. Prices hardened at the beginning of the week, but late on Tuesday there was profit-taking by operators and by some the advance was lost. The trade position is distinctly better, but there are

weak holders of the raw material, especially in the Southern States of America. A critical time for the year 1921-22 crop is now being experienced, and prices during the next week or two are likely to fluctuate according to weather advices from the belt.

Increased Employment for Weavers.

The larger business recently done in cotton cloths is resulting in increased employment for weavers in North and North-East Lancashire. The number of unemployed registered at the Labour Exchanges is decreasing, especially in Blackburn and Preston. The operatives have now settled down to the new scale of wages and they are looking forward to earning more money in the near future than during the past half-year, as a result of working longer hours. There seems to be a possibility of the Master Spinners' abolishing the organised short time scheme which has been in operation since the end of last year.

Cotton Mill Dividends.

More particulars are now available of cotton mill dividends declared at the end of June. A summary of the reports issued by 100 companies shows that 57 concerns were unable to make any distribution to ordinary shareholders. The 76 mills that took stock for three months' working have paid an average dividend of nearly 5 per cent. against over 7 per cent. per annum for the previous quarter. With regard to the 24 mills that balanced their books for the half-year the average dividend is 7½ per cent. per annum, which compares with 22½ per cent. per annum paid at the end of last December. The hardening tendency in share prices continues and brokers report a larger demand from the public.

Preference Dividends Passed.

The important losses entailed during the past twelve months by cotton cloth merchant houses are reflected by two leading textile firms not paying the preference dividend just due. With regard to Messrs. Probst Hanbury & Company, the company was only floated about twelve months ago and their chief connections are in China. The other firm is Messrs. Schill Brothers, who are old-established and have done well in past years. The big fall in values since last summer has undoubtedly been a very serious matter for shippers and merchants.

Rubber Market.

The market in crude rubber is beginning to show signs of nervousness. Speculators who sold for forward delivery in the expectation of buying back more cheaply before being called upon to hand over the rubber are not altogether happy over the outlook. It looks as though stocks of the commodity have already reached their highest point, and as there is every prospect of the supply being cut down by 50%, it is no longer safe to bank on a further fall in price. Moreover, the actual consumer will now want to be replenishing his stocks since he can no longer rely on the price remaining depressed through the slack trade demand and the pressure of surplus supplies. Another factor is the prospective formation of a £2,200,000 Corporation of producers to control the production and sale of rubber.



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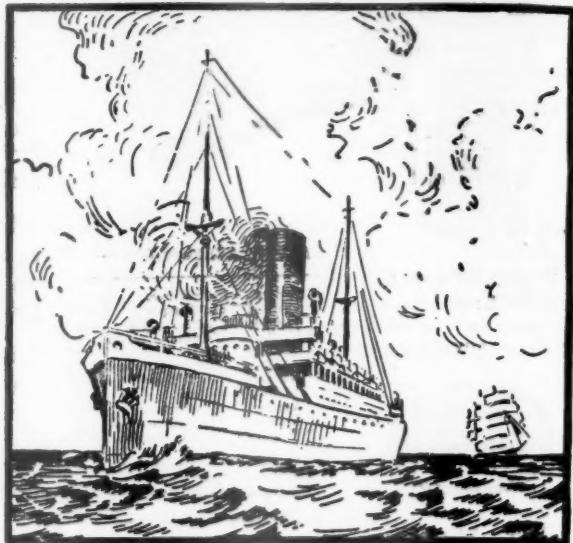
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CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS CO.

PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL MEETING on July 11th, Mr. John G. B. Stone (Chairman), in moving the adoption of the Report, said:—The Capital Account expenditure, £50,888, was mainly represented by further outlay on the Raja Bazar-Car Shed Extension and increased cost of land acquired for same, on the new Kalighat Car Shed and on the fifteen new trains. The land referred to was acquired as an extension to the Company's Car Shed year and a further Award in the following year totalling £5,892. The amount shown in the present Accounts is the result of a further appeal made to the High Court by the original owners. This Award, in our opinion, was most unreasonable, having been based on the enhanced value of land in 1920 instead of the value in 1916 when the land was acquired. We were advised by our solicitors that there was unfortunately no appeal against awards made in land acquisition cases. The Traffic Receipts showed an increase of 6½ per cent. with practically the same number of miles run, and the passengers carried, nearly 53½ millions, showed an increase of 6 per cent.

The Indian expenditure shows an increase under all heads. Apart from the advance in wages and salaries the principal items of increase are Power Expenses, due to enhanced prices paid for coal, and Maintenance and Repairs, due to exceptionally heavy repairs on the rolling stock, a number of cars having been in use for many years, and to abnormal expenditure in making good damage to the electrical equipments of no less than 67 motor cars caused by the floods in August last.

The result of the working was a gross profit of £40,389. After adding interest on investments, £7,886, deducting Excess Profits Duty and Indian and English Income Tax and adding the amount brought forward and deducting the Debenture Interest and Dividends paid £52,332, there remains an available balance of £189,076. This amount the Directors propose to deal with by paying a final dividend on the Ordinary shares of 3s. 6d. per share, absorbing £24,082, making with the dividends already paid, 7 per cent. for the year free of Income Tax (against 10 per cent. for the previous year), by the transfer of £40,000 to reserve for depreciation increasing the total of that account to £144,619, by the transfer of £80,000 to Taxation Reserve Account as a provision against Excess Profits Duty and Corporation Profits Tax, to the contribution to the Staff Provident Fund of £2,043, carrying forward a balance of £42,591, subject to Indian Super Tax to be ascertained.

The loss of revenue due to various causes has drained the Company's cash resources, and further capital will require to be issued, the form of which will be considered by the Board.

The report was adopted.

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